

COUNTRY LIFE

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THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.
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A SUGGESTION TO THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

IN to-day's issue, our well-known correspondent "W." makes a suggestion that deserves to be carefully weighed. Most of our agricultural readers are well aware that "W." is a man who understands agriculture as few people in this country understand it, and that he is also very far from being addicted to give tongue without having something definite to say. His proposal, therefore, demands very serious consideration. He begins with propounding the question why the Board of Agriculture receives only the lukewarm support of the practical farmer. Perhaps this language is a little too sweeping. Anyone may have noticed that the farming class are very ready to give their confidence to anyone whom they can trust. We do not conceive our correspondent to refer chiefly to the Minister of Agriculture, but to the general composition of the body. He complains that the Department does not comprise a single practical farmer, and it may be well worth while to stop a moment for the purpose of considering how he defines that individual, because there are many who claim the title to whom he would evidently deny it. He brushes aside those who are merely show farmers—we mean those who either make a hobby altogether of cultivation, or, gifted with a certain command of rhetoric, are fond of acting as spokesmen to the

class. But it is well known that many of the very ablest are not orators. If they do not like a measure, their hostility to it takes the form only of a dumb resentment, and they are not addicted to enthusiastic expression even when their approval is earned. "But," says "W.," "they are well known to the bank manager as successful men of business, and are recognised in their county by their fellows as safe persons to follow."

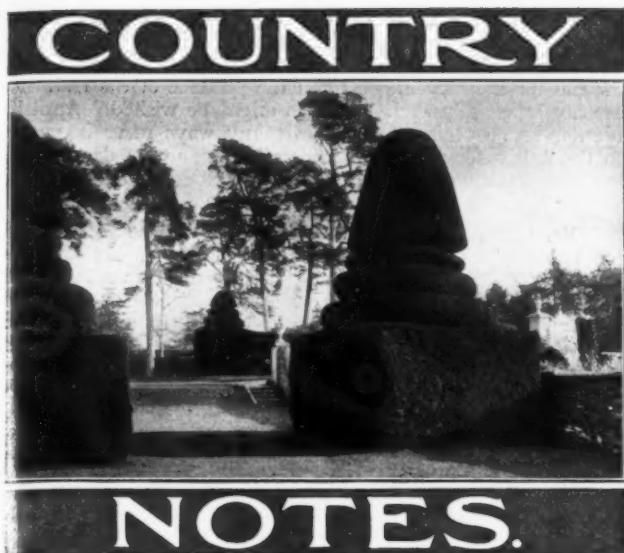
Now, it is clear that the Board of Agriculture would gain immensely if it could bring to its deliberations the shrewd, practical experience of these men. At present facilities do exist for the purpose; but they are ineffective. The Board of Agriculture, for some time past, has cultivated the art of correspondence. It undoubtedly gets into communication with some of the very best men in the country; but by writing letters it is not possible to get the best out of the type of men described. The only method is to get into personal contact with them. Comparatively few of those who achieve success in any practical career are able to set down their ideas in black and white, though they can develop them in conversation, especially when the conversation is tactfully conducted on the other side. "W.'s" suggestion, then, is that the Board of Agriculture should appoint an advisory body, composed principally of financially successful tenant farmers. He says, and we agree with him, "I venture to think that such a body would not only make valuable suggestions, but it would be a means of popularising and strengthening any action taken by the Board." These two objects are well worth trying to achieve. In making the proposal there was no need for "W." to disclaim any political motive. No one is likely to impute that to him. The agricultural interest generally has always shown itself willing to recognise, when its interests were served, whatever party those who served it might belong to. "W.'s" only wish is to improve the relations between the Board and those whose interests the Board exists to further, and to render available as far as may be the knowledge and experience of those men who have proved themselves to be masters of the art of agriculture.

It is very easy to conceive a great number of instances in which officials might be benefited by contact with the practical farmers. There are many points on which information is not forthcoming. For example, that large section which is engaged in the breeding and exportation of livestock has no certain knowledge of the types required abroad. Last year, when a large number of bulls were purchased and sent out to Rhodesia, the buyer evidently had instructions to choose only those of red colour. There must have been a reason for this; but we do not know that it was ever disclosed. In the collection of details in regard to colour, size and type that most nearly meet the wants of our customers, an excellent scope for activity might be found, and it would be extremely easy for the Board of Agriculture to obtain such information, as the English officials are, as a rule, on cordial terms with those both of Colonies and Foreign Powers. Again, stock is often sent abroad without any adequate idea of the conditions under which it will have to live in the different seasons of the year. It would be a great help if there was any office at which information of this kind could be obtained; for the ultimate strength and solidity of a trade must depend upon the vendor meeting the requirements of the purchaser. Again, to take an instance mentioned by our contributor, swine fever offers a difficulty which so far it has not been possible to overcome. The Board of Agriculture eradicates it with a poleaxe; but no clear indication has yet been given of the conditions under which it is disseminated, or, at least, all of them. We know that the dealer who goes to market and buys a miscellaneous assortment of pigs is extremely likely to find that swine fever has broken out among them; but the disease has also made its appearance on farms where the utmost care is exercised, where the pigs are all bred at home and cleanliness is a fetish. The experts of the Board would be enabled to deal much more effectually with the disease and to direct their enquiries with more precision if they were in frequent and familiar intercourse with the good farmers who have suffered. There is little profit in studying outbreaks where carelessness has been manifest. It is the outbreak on the farm of the really skilful, careful and successful man that is capable of yielding the best instruction.

Our Portrait Illustration.

A PORTRAIT of Lady Enid Fane is the subject of our frontispiece this week. Lady Enid Fane is the elder daughter of the Earl of Westmorland.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



LORD MERSEY'S appointment as President of the Court which will enquire into the Titanic disaster has given universal satisfaction. His qualifications are unexampled. As a judge he earned the reputation of great ability, joined to the most perfect sense of justice and impartiality. His special fitness for conducting the enquiry into such a calamity as that which the country is now bewailing, is that he is the son of a shipowner and spent his early years in that business. He understands law and he understands shipping, and he possesses a moderate and just temperament. As arbitrator in industrial disputes he earned the confidence of masters and men. We may confidently assume, therefore, that the Court over which he presides will institute a thorough and searching, but also a fair, enquiry into the conduct of those who were connected with the Titanic. In this way something may be done to correct the bad impression which has been given by the self-constituted American Court, whose enquiry has neither been tactful nor considerate.

It will be understood in England, although it does not seem to have been so in the United States, that the Titanic was the most splendidly-built ship that ever left a dock. It perished by almost the only accident that was possible to it. It was unsinkable by collision or by stress of weather or by direct impact upon an iceberg. Indeed, nothing could have seriously injured it except the sidelong rip that tore the side plates away. Moreover, events proved that it was manned by the very best seamen that could be found. They were able, in every sense of the word, and loyal to a degree. One of the saddest calamities that could happen overwhelmed ship and shipmen, and all those who suffered from the calamity deserved and have received, in this country, at any rate, the very warmest sympathy. By all means let everything be done that can be done to make the great liners still less vulnerable to accident; but that end is not being served by turning savagely on those who did the best for the ship and trying to find a victim on whom to wreak vengeance. This is not the spirit in which to enter upon such an enquiry.

Sir William Schlich, in the *Quarterly Journal of Forestry* makes an appeal to all wood managers who possess authentic figures. He is anxious to secure data from all sorts of land, good, bad and indifferent. His reason lies in a desire to get the necessary leverage for squeezing a grant out of the Development Commissioners. If that were done, measures of afforestation could be started on surplus lands of a suitable description. This appeal follows an examination of the figures connected with the growing of a larch plantation, twenty-four acres in extent and twenty-one years old, at Lord Beauchamp's Gloucestershire property, Ketford Firs. The land is said to be not worth six shillings an acre agriculturally; but an elaborate series of calculations leads Sir William Schlich to the conclusion that by devoting the land to forestry, in forty-five years a sum would have been earned equal to a net rental of one pound five shillings and sixpence. His detailed calculations are extremely interesting; but he says nothing about the chance of loss. We know there is such a risk, from storms on the one hand and pests on the other. It could surely be expressed in terms of money, and if that were done, the balance-sheet would be more satisfactory. We have also to take into account that

Ketford Firs is a very favourable example: the facts might not apply to other parts of the country.

So obvious are the advantages of preserving the pure-bred Arab horse that a cordial welcome will be given to the efforts of those who are taking action with Prince Alexander Scherbatoff in order to form an International Horse Society for the purpose in Cairo. Egypt is very well situated as a rallying point for the Arab. It is true that only a very small percentage of the horses in Egypt, Syria, Asiatic Turkey and Algiers are Arabs; but the pure breed is to be found among the different Bedouin tribes roaming over the Arabian and Syrian deserts and Mesopotamia, and in Nejd, in a few private Egyptian studs, and in three or four European studs. The society hopes to establish annual shows and auction sales at Cairo; and it is seeking the co-operation of the Khedivial Sporting Club in Cairo and Heliopolis, the Committee of the International Horse Show at Olympia, the Société du Cheval de Guerre in France, the Russian Société des Concours Hippiques and the Committee of the International Horse Show in Vienna.

TO MY CAMPING FRIEND A. M. J. S.

So, in defiance of all our time-worn ways
Compelling us to homes of brick and mortar,
Thou, on the broad hillside, thy tent must raise,
Where golden gorse and purple heather blaze,
True Mother Nature's Child:—her camping daughter.

They call me, with a cup of tea, at seven!
And, even so, complainingly I rise!
Whilst thou, dear maid, in the pink flush of Heaven,
Face sun-bathed, feet dew-washed, and hair wind-driven,
Scornest such poor conventionalities.

Birds to thy call shall come. The linnet shy,
Watch for thy feet through furze and bracken gleaming;
And thou shalt understand the curlew's cry,
The jay's harsh note, the thrush's melody,
The wood owl's hoot, around thy place of dreaming.

Nor fear—nor loneliness—shall thee oppress,
For Nature's heart is large, and very kind:
She shall unfold to thee her mysteries,
And thou, as wise as any Socrates,
Shall learn her laws, and her companions find.

Perchance, when under Heaven's star-lighted dome,
Like a white nun, for absolution kneeling,
Thou'lt send a prayer to the wide skies for some
Who, like myself, rest in prim Villadom,
Protected by four walls and a square ceiling.

ELIZABETH KIRK.

An exceptionally felicitous appointment is that of Mr. A. J. Balfour as Gifford Lecturer. Here his speculative intellect should find its widest scope, and he will, no doubt, say many things to stimulate thought in the minds of the Glasgow University students. Mr. Balfour, judged by any reasonable test, must be declared to have been a great success in politics. He has been leader of a party longer than any of his predecessors, and his Premiership was also one of the most prolonged on record. And still he was not a born statesman, or, at any rate, politician. His was a case in which a great mind triumphed over the difficulties of politics as it would have triumphed over any other intellectual obstacles that had been presented to it. But one always felt that he offers a better example of the trained intellect showing itself ready for any emergency, than of a political genius having found its métier. It would be no surprise if Mr. Balfour achieves a still greater reputation as a philosophical lecturer.

From a New Zealand paper, the *Bay of Plenty Times*, an extract from which has been kindly sent us by a correspondent, we learn that Mr. Austin Loder of Tauranga, who has been on a visit to the Old Country, has taken with him on his return to New Zealand a large number of birds for the Tauranga Acclimatisation Society and for Mr. Whitney, manager of the Colonial Ammunition Company. Those bought for the society comprise thirty-two brace of Hungarian partridges, thirteen pure Mongolian pheasants (four cocks and nine hens), six pairs of English green-winged teal, three pairs of pintail duck and three pairs of grey widgeon. The birds were landed in excellent condition, and were keenly inspected by New Zealand sportsmen, who were delighted with their splendid appearance. Mr. Loder is to be congratulated on having performed his task

so well, and the addition of these birds will certainly add to the fame of Tauranga as one of the best sporting districts in New Zealand.

What promised to be an interesting case of natural hybridism has ended rather tamely. We were informed last year that a blackbird and thrush for several successive seasons had mated and nested in the garden of a Glasgow suburban house. Early this spring information arrived that the alliance was resumed. It would appear that the birds had paired too early, because they forsook the nest; and the owner of the garden very obligingly forwarded to us the nest with three eggs in it. It was obviously a blackbird's nest and the eggs those of a blackbird; but in order to make assurance doubly sure, the nest and eggs were sent to Mr. Ogilvie-Grant of the Natural History Museum, who confirmed the statement. The sender, of course, accepted a decision so authoritative; but she writes that of the young in previous seasons some had speckled breasts and some had not, and her description of the hen bird is extremely like that of a thrush. It is, however, absolutely impossible that a thrush should lay eggs coloured like those of a blackbird. The birds have paired again, and it is promised that if the eggs are hatched off the alleged hybrids will be forwarded. It will be interesting; although the explanation seems obvious that the hen blackbird, always more lightly coloured than her mate, is in this case exceptionally so.

At a meeting of inshore fishermen at Eyemouth the other day, one of the speakers, a local fish-curer, remarked that miners had been asking for five shillings a day, but for six months in the year Eyemouth fishermen did not clear regularly five shillings a week. There is very little, if any, exaggeration in this. Whatever be the cause, line-fishing has ceased to be a profitable industry, and the people engaged in it could not keep themselves alive were it not for the crabs and the lobster pots. Here is an instance, however, in which the doctrine of the minimum wage cannot work. A fisherman is paid just as much as he earns; that is to say, the sum he can obtain for his catch. If it is great, he is so much the luckier; if it is little, he has to do the best he can with it. He is perfectly sure in his own mind that the cause of his misfortune is the increase of steam trawlers, and he views with apprehension the application of this method of catching fish to the herrings, which have in the worst of times provided him with a few weeks of harvest. There is a good case for enquiry, and the authorities ought not to neglect it.

Not before time, the comparatively new amusement provided by cinematography was brought before the notice of the House of Commons on Monday afternoon. The question was addressed to the Home Secretary, founded on the fact that four boys accused of crime had confessed to a magistrate that they had realised the possibility of perpetrating it from seeing the theme worked out in a cinematograph show. Mr. McKenna declared that at present there is no intention on the part of the Government to intervene; but that it has been proposed to form a committee of manufacturers who will accept the responsibility of seeing that films for public exhibition are not of a degrading or demoralising nature. Undoubtedly, these picture palaces are doing very little good to the rising generation. Even when they keep within the bounds of decency and legality, they tend to become more and more sensational. They are only the half-penny shocker in a new form which appeals directly to the eye.

We may see holly-bushes now, at the end of April, as gay with berries as if the season were Christmas, and may accept the sight as a good sign that the birds did not suffer much hardship in the winter that has gone. Had they done so they would long ago have stripped these trees of their fruit. It is an abnormal season in many respects. We have seen full-fledged young thrushes leaving the nest before the cuckoo was heard—it would be rash to say before his arrival—and that is quite a reversal of the usual order of events. It is not difficult to find a reason. The late winter weather was so mild that it encouraged the early nesting of the native birds. When the second week of April came and the cuckoo was due to appear, a very cold north-easterly wind set in, and even if the cuckoo did arrive in the face of it, he would not announce himself vocally while that cold spell lasted. In many places south of London, April 17th was the first date, distinctly a late one, on which he was heard.

Never did English orchards present a more exquisite appearance than they are doing just now, when they are clothed with white blossom. The sight is one to delight the lovers of Nature, especially as the favourite immigrants have now definitely made their appearance. The voice of the cuckoo

is to be heard with that fine softness that he possesses on arrival; the nightingales are producing their melody among the budding wild roses; and the swallows have returned. But those who depend for their livelihood upon the produce of the fruit trees are not as easy in their minds as might be wished. April has been a beautiful month, and in many ways most favourable to the cultivator; but a considerable amount of danger lurks in the frosty nights that follow hot and cloudless days.

Mr. James A. Wright of Bushey, Herts, whose letter arrived too late for insertion in its proper place, sends a note about wasps which supplements what appeared in our last issue. He says: "Yesterday, Sunday, we noticed several queen wasps flying about in the garden and, with the aid of a folded newspaper, which, by the by, is an excellent weapon for such warfare, I managed to lay two of them low. Later we hung up a jar containing a mixture of beer and honey, and to-night found that no less than nine had fallen into the trap." He confirms us in the information, sent by several correspondents, that Kent is not the only district where wasps are both numerous and early this year. There seems to be an astonishingly large crop of them, and everybody should do what they can to decrease the number. Just now it is possible to cope with them effectively, when the summer has advanced a little further it will not be so easy.

COWSLIPS.

The Germans call these Himmel-Schlüssel (Heaven's Keys).

All night long the dice he tossed,
All night long he played and lost,
Then out upon the road he fared,
And where it led nor knew nor cared.
The flooded brook beside him roared,
A singing lark above him soared,
Around his head the swallows wheeled,
But blind with ruin on he reeled,
Then flung face downwards in a field,—
A meadow spread with moony glow
From scented cowslips all aglow.
He saw them not, he smelled them not,
Nor knew what sanctified the spot,
But yet their dewy fragrance stole
With strange appeal into his soul.
He sees again his childhood's days,
The happy scenes, the holy ways,
He sighs, he weeps, he kneels and prays.
And when at last he raised his head
He saw a maid to whom he said,
Showing the blooms: "How call you these?"
She answered, smiling: "Heaven's keys."

ANNA BUNSTON.

What a singular history is that of the bust attributed to Donatello which was sold at Sotheby's the other day for £250. It is a terra-cotta representation of St. John as a child, inscribed "Joannes est nomen ejus," and on the back "Donatello." This bust, which is fourteen inches high, stood above the two of the Buck family in Bideford Church. Sir Richard Grenville is said to have brought it from Italy. In 1863, when the church was restored, it seems to have been taken possession of by the builder, who probably regarded it as a thing of little consequence. It was sold by his creditors in 1877, and since that time has been in the ownership of the vendor. The story makes one think furiously of the vast number of art treasures which at one time decorated the churches of England, and a proportion of which no doubt had a fate similar to this one. In many cases the builder in charge of the restoration may have thought so little of such trifles that he did not even take the trouble to keep them in his possession. On the other hand, it is possible that, in unexplored attics and corners, there may still be left, half obliterated by dust, exquisite things which have been brought over to this country by early Continental travellers.

While the fruit-tree bloom is richer perhaps than ever it has been known before, and most of the floral growth is very forward and abundant, there are some striking exceptions, and on South of England heaths and wild places the shortness and impoverished look of the heather is very noticeable. Of course, this is a plant which makes its new growth late; but there is no doubt that the heat of last summer perished it to a degree from which it has not yet recovered, in spite of the warm winter and all the rains of a very wet March. The like comment may be made about some of the pasture fields. There is a great difference in this respect between fields almost adjacent and with much the same aspect. The probable explanation is that

where the soil has held the moisture fairly well, the roots of the grass have not suffered, and, that being so, all the conditions have been in favour of a good and early growth. On the other hand, where a porous soil has let all the water that it had stored dry away, many of the roots did not get enough nutriment to keep them alive during the dry time, and bare or scanty patches are the present result.

It is a very excellent thing, both for the adornment of our rooms and also for the greater beauty of our gardens, that we have outlived the delusion that it is wise to refrain from plucking the flowers. For the moment, it is true that the flower which is plucked in order to make the house beautiful leaves the garden by so much the poorer; but most gardeners have long recognised that a judicious removal of the bloom makes for the greater vigour of the plant, sparing it that further expenditure of its forces which would be required to bring the flower to its final perfection as a parent of a new stock. The daffodil that is plucked no longer makes its exhausting demands for nutriment on the bulb, primroses continue flowering afresh if the blooms are picked, and pansies soon "go over" if the same kindly relief is not given to them. In fact, the garden of the man who adorns his house liberally with its floral riches will

itself continue to give him of these riches much longer than his who is niggardly about picking the flowers.

Certainly the luck of the salmon angler has been even more than usually capricious this spring, and for the most part has been exceedingly disappointing. All March a great many early opening rivers, both in England and Ireland, were in high flood. When the water ran down the rivers of the smaller island still fished very poorly, though many salmon were known to have ascended them. In England and Wales there was a glorious ten days or so on that beautiful river the Wye; but it passed only too quickly, the river ran down and no salmon would look at a lure for a long while. In Scotland the weather was not so determined in its phases, and there was much more continuance of sport on the Tay and the Spey. But these two rivers were rather the exception to the general rule of disappointing sport, even when the condition of the water gave better promise. The cold nights and the clear days, with a prevalence of easterly winds, have not been in the trout-fisher's favour, and there has been little rise of fly or fish. It is very good news, however, that the Usk, which used to be a very famous trout river, but had fallen off much of late years, has been doing better again this season, both as a salmon and a trout stream.

THE REBUILT CAMPANILE.

VENICE, April 19th, 1912.

THIS year Spring comes with even more than her usual share of gladness and life-giving gifts to Venice, for at last the great

Campanile of St. Mark's is completed, and the ceremony of its inauguration is to be kept with every sign of rejoicing and splendour. Ten years have all but rolled by since the huge tower collapsed, and many have been the difficulties and obstacles that had to be met and overcome before it could be raised again. But in spite of much opposition, the noblest and wisest of Venice's citizens have gained the day and brought about the words of Count Grimani, the Syndic, who said that the bell-tower should rise again "where it was" and "as it was." And these words, uttered only a very short time after the catastrophe of July, 1902, have been the watchword, so to speak, which has inspired and encouraged all who have been engaged in the work of reconstruction. The opening of the

Campanile is to be the great event of the coming spring, and will take place on St. Mark's Day, April 25th. As I write, Venice is preparing to keep the Feast with a magnificence worthy of her traditions.

The ceremony is to begin at 10 a.m., when it is hoped that H.R.H. Prince Thomas of Savoy will be present, and when a mixture of religious and civil functions will give back the newly-blessed and newly-raised tower to the town. Two thousand pigeons are to be let loose to blazon the facts abroad; myriads of children's voices are to sing hymns and songs; the deep-toned bells, silent for a whole decade, are to ring out once more; and the old-time pageantry of Church and State will symbolise to the world the civic pride of the city throned amid her lagoons on the waters of the Adriatic.

At night an elaborate scheme of illumination is to be carried out, when the Piazza is to be lit up architecturally. Thousands of small electric lights—the number is said to be one hundred thousand—are



THE NEW CAMPANILE.

fixed at given distances along miles of gutta-percha tubing. This tubing is laid in several lines horizontally along the façades of the Old and New *Procuratie*, and is placed in double rows round each arch and in double lines down each column. The question of electric lighting as opposed to the older and more picturesque one of small oil lamps has been decided in favour of the more modern device, and has, it must be acknowledged, this advantage, in that it is unaffected by weather, and can make as good an effect on a wet night as on a fine one. Simultaneously with this illumination in the Piazza,

every single belfry in Venice is to be lit up that night, and for a few nights afterwards, with Bengal or electric light, in token of greeting to their re-born brother, and to hail his return to life in their midst once more. This will be a notable addition to the spring festivities, but the season is always brilliant.

There are no two towns in Italy better known to English travellers in spring than Florence and Venice, and probably there are no two towns throughout the Peninsula where the season makes itself felt in so different a way. In Florence



J. Shaw.

IN ST. MARK'S.

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CA' D'ORO AND THE GRAND CANAL.

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the abundance of flowers is so excessive as to be almost bewildering. Masses of daffodils and narcissi have hardly filled the eye with their wealth of gold, of pale yellow and white, than they are succeeded by anemones of such endless hues as to be quite innumerable, by ranunculus (more refined, perhaps, in colouring, but equally rich in the variety of their tints), by lilies of the valley, by freesias, by ixias, and a crowd of pæonies, pansies, tulips, primulas and other glories of the season that make a feast of perpetual beauty and delight. In Florence you may say that the spring thrusts itself upon you, whether you will or no, and will not be hid; in Venice it is you who must search it out and discover for yourself its secret and subtle approach. It is there all the same, and to those who seek for it, it presents itself in an infinity of ways. The very air takes on a different look and feel; the grey walls of the palaces have a softer, warmer tint than they had a month ago; the water in the canals looks less cold and still; every tree or creeper or leaf-clad balcony contributes a note of green, the more welcome

because of its rarity; while any sign of a garden, no matter how small or enclosed it may be, is hailed with a feeling akin to rapture. Big baskets of flowers are hawked at the more frequented corners of the streets, and sundry cries, alternating between surprise at and admiration of the wares offered, proclaim in long-drawn-out cadences, "Ah!—che—belle—piante," as though the beauty of the vendor's plants was almost more than he himself could credit.

Then there are the barges bringing in the vegetables from the outlying islands, which are stored with supplies calculated to gladden alike the heart of the housewife and the eye of the artist. From the Lido come peas, lettuces, artichokes and bunches of asparagus; Mazzorbo and Torcello contribute masses of artichokes above all; and a beautiful sight these boats are as they row slowly across the lagoon with their load of grey and green contrasting so forcibly with the olive green of the water. Hidden under a wealth of leaves is the small fruit, which in Italy is cooked and eaten long before it reaches



J. Shaw.

THE PROCESSION OF THE HOST.

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the size that we allow it to attain in England, but when it is still so tender and delicate that every part of the baby globe artichoke may be swallowed. "What waste," exclaim those who know no better; "what a slaughter of the innocents," say others; but once they have sampled a dish of *carciofi* properly cooked, either in butter or oil or mixed with buttered eggs, their opinion quickly changes, and no further charges as to "waste" or "slaughtered

innocents" are heard. The leaf of the artichoke may surely claim kinship with the acanthus, at all events as to shape; and as we see its long pointed leaves trailing over the boat's edge and forming a green halo in the water, we recognise whence the carvers of old took their models when they reared the grand white marble capitals which are so marked a feature of the Duomo of Torcello as well as of the Church of Santa Fosca, that little octagonal



J. Shaw.

THE BRONZE HORSES OF ST. MARK'S.

Copyright.

building which stands like a meek younger sister beneath the shelter, a protection of its elder brother.

It would be conventional to add a word of sympathy with those who escape from the cold spring winds of England at this season; but I hear that your spring is almost Italian in its beauty. One can imagine, though one cannot see, the glories of yellow and white which meadow and orchard present this year. I suppose it is the sunshine of last year coming out in the colour of buttercup and fruit-blossoms, of meadows white with daisies and dells azure with bluebells. They tell me, too, that April has brought sunshine as brilliant as summer, so those who leave for Italy need, perhaps, condolence more than sympathy.

I would like to close these notes with a quotation from "A Garden in Venice." It comes in the chapter which begins: "Venice is a delightful place for man, sick or well." After Sir Frederick Eden has described its mutable beauties, he goes on: "To the idle man this change of mood and colour is, or should be, perfection. He should never tire, and rarely does so, of his fickle mistress. He is floating to-day where he floated yesterday. The lagoon, the island, the buildings are all the same; but how different! The Euganean Hills, or perhaps the Alps, that spoke to him of Shelley, or of snow, the distant line of *terra-firma* that held, as in a fine cut frame, the steely lagoon waters, are now hidden in a mist of light. The Ducal Palace, the Salute's dome, that yesterday appeared clear and earthly, the grand Campanile of San Marco—alas that it has fallen a victim to its own weight and Time's corrosion—the scarcely less beautiful Campanile of San Giorgio, whose clean outlines stood out so sharply in the atmosphere of vivid blue, to-day all swim ethereal in a golden haze. 'Tis all there, but a dream rather than a reality, a spirit picture more than a motive for a sketch."

That does indeed give something of the spirit of Spring in Venice, and it would be pleasant to go on quoting, for what can be a more delightful topic than Spring and Venice, the Campanile, and the pleasures that await the visitor?

ALETHEA WIEL.



A. Keighley.

A SILENT WATERWAY.

Copyright.

TENNIS.

WHATEVER may be the future of tennis in England—and I think it will always flourish in several clubs, at least—its future in America, where it is known as court tennis, is assured. The Americans change everything that they touch; and they have changed tennis till—except for the court and the net—it would scarcely be recognised by the kings who used to play the game centuries ago. And the changes which they

have effected, by making the game faster and more violent, and introducing the abominable over-hand service, have re-acted on the English style of play, so that the quietness and stateliness of the olden times have departed for ever, at least in match play.

Two amateurs, however—and I shall speak only of amateurs in this little article—have devoted an enormous



THE HON. NEVILLE LYTTON—BEFORE
A BACK-HAND DRIVE.

amount of time to preserving and making an integral part of their game the most characteristic feature of ancient tennis—namely, the "cut." When the ball is "cut," it is not struck with the flat and open face of the racket, but with the face of the racket held at an angle, so that the ball is sliced—the ball receives a spin that makes it go more slowly, but makes it come down more sharply off the walls. Both Mr. Jay Gould and Mr. Neville Lytton—the respective holders of the Amateur Tennis Championship in America and in England to-day—have devoted a great deal of practice to the cut-stroke. Both of them, again, have studied



THE BACK-HAND STROKE.

the technique of the stroke in general, and particularly the importance of stooping, of using the weight of the body, of having the feet in the right position, and so on, as some of the photographs of Mr. Neville Lytton show.

Thus some of the old traditions they have sedulously and religiously preserved. And they have also set a splendid example in their devotion to the game—their sacrifice of "laborious days," when they might have been enjoying a game against an opponent—for the sake of mastering the correct technique of the strokes by constant repetition of an apparently dull routine. This is just what the coming men in France

and Germany are doing in lawn tennis. They are not grudging the work of preparing scientifically for successful play. Side by side with the more or less correct—but much faster—cut stroke, both Mr. Gould and Mr. Lytton have cultivated, and have also devoted much time to the mechanical perfecting of, the over-hand reverse-twist service, which has invaded lawn tennis as well.

There can be little doubt that this is the most paying service of all, as it cramps the opponent's game, and almost compels him to play in "bad style." The worst feature of it is, however, that, except in the case of these two amateurs (and a few others also), it has encouraged a "bad style" generally—a habit of hard hitting without much cut—on the part of the server himself. The ordinary player who regularly serves this service seldom gives up much time and attention to the correct stroke. He falls a victim to the more or less haphazard "smacking" tendency. Mr. Gould and Mr. Lytton have not developed this fault.

Each of these amateurs has a private court and a private marker. Each is young. Each takes the game very seriously. But each has other interests as well. Mr. Jay Gould, besides any University work and financial work that he does, is deeply interested in aeronautics. Mr. Neville Lytton is successful as a painter.

A match between either of these two and Mr. E. M.

Baerlein, for some years Amateur Champion at racquets, would be certainly most exciting. Mr. Baerlein also has given a great deal of time and thought to tennis and its technique. He is in business at Manchester. He abhors the over-hand service; he does not find it so difficult to take, but I am glad that, like Peter Latham, he refuses to deliver it himself. He appears to take comparatively little trouble over his own service. His strongest points are his activity, his "eye," his power of anticipating his opponent's return and his safe return. As to myself, I have been too busy to practise for the Amateur Championship this year, but intend to defend the Gold Prize at Lord's in July. Nowadays, with all this specialisation, it is hopeless to take up either business, or a game with a view to championship form, without practice.

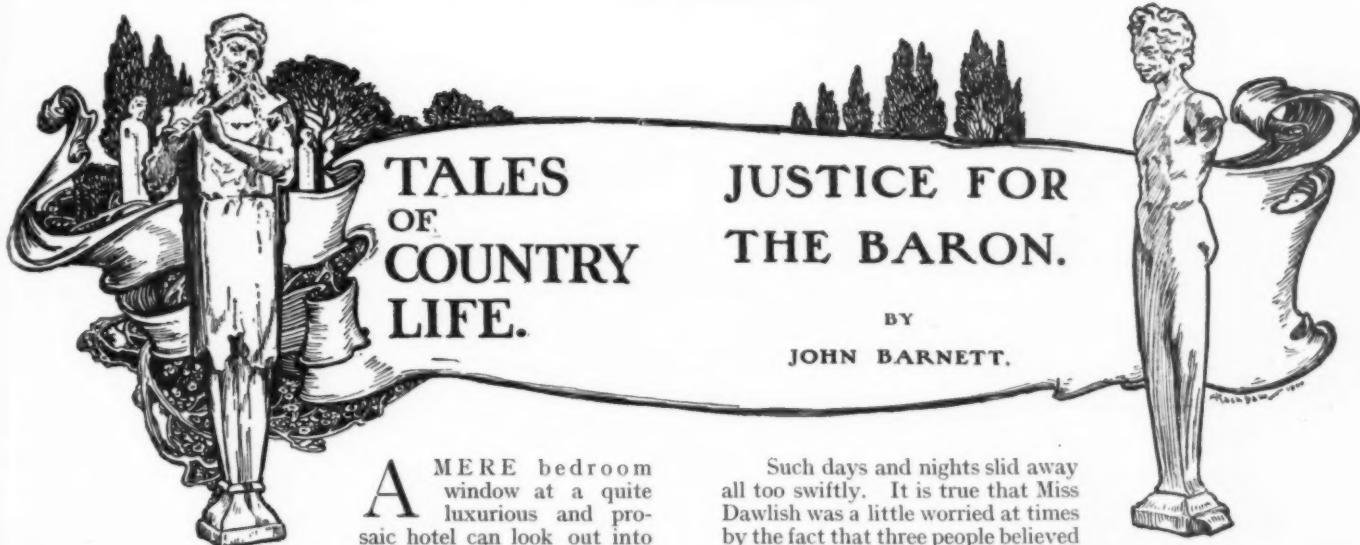
EUSTACE MILES.



PREPARING FOR A FORE-HAND STROKE.



A CHARACTERISTIC POSE.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

JUSTICE FOR THE BARON.

BY
JOHN BARNETT.

A MERE bedroom window at a quite luxurious and prosaic hotel can look out into fairyland. So it seemed to Barbara Dawlish. It was her first winter visit to Switzerland, and she had discovered that hitherto she had underrated the divinity of this old world. It had always struck her as a very pleasant world, but her attitude towards it had held an element of tolerance. After this winter she would never dare to patronise it again. Now, at any rate, she was aware of some of its miraculous possibilities and loveliness. It really requires the courage of an American millionaire to patronise fairyland.

Miss Dawlish, of course, was not an American millionaire. She had been reduced to a very seemly state of humble adoration. Daily she saw miracles, and their wonder did not stale or fade. It began with each morning, when an invariable and happy instinct bade her wake betimes. And that instinct would draw her to her window to look up towards the ring of white-peaked giants waiting their hour in sombre misty silence. She knew well for what they waited. In a little while the glowing triumphant sun would leap with one bound and crown those peaks with gold, would make vivid and intense the blue of the cloudless sky, would powder with careless diamonds the fleece of stainless snow; and, watching that miracle and glorying in it, while the clean sparkling air came through the window, anyone might be forgiven for appearing late at *petit déjeuner*.

Not that Barbara Dawlish needed to ask forgiveness. She was one of those lucky people who do not need to ask for anything. Most people fell over themselves to offer her all they had. And she would only laugh at them for their eagerness, after all. But no one was hurt by her laughter. It was of the kind that does not wound. And there were at least three men in the hotel who even laid traps for her laughter, exposed themselves to it with exceeding cheerfulness. For one laughs easily in the crisp sparkling mountain air of Switzerland. And whether one is mishandling a luge, performing striking evolutions on skates, or tying one's self in the weirdest knots upon skis, there is somehow always plentiful provocation for light-heartedness.

But the possibilities of Miss Dawlish's window were not exhausted with the morning. In the middle of the day, after *déjeuner*, it might please her to sit for a little while upon her balcony in the living sunshine. From that balcony she could see both the skating-rink and the zigzags of the lugeing track. (It is rather important for you to remember that she could observe the lugeing track from her window.) And, sitting there, the clean golden warmth would soak into her very bones, and she would be lulled to an exquisite laziness by the soft tinkle of the bells about the necks of sportive, wayward goats. And through half-closed eyes she would watch blue-bloused, shrill-voiced little children tumbling in the snow, and all the while she would be aware of blue sky and silent glittering mountains, and—it would require quite an effort to rouse herself for the fun of the afternoon. But she would know well that three, at least three, young men would be waiting to share that fun, and Barbara Dawlish always hated to disappoint people. It was her weakness. So she would rise, shake herself with a little gay, lazy chuckle, and go forth to her fun. It was always fun, whatever they were pleased to essay. And at night, long after the sunset had transformed the mountains into many tinted jewels, after the games of dancing in the bright-lit hotel were ended, she would look again from her bedroom window. And she would see a sky of darkest velvet torn by sparkles of white fire, and a ring of mountains sombre, stately and majestic in the frosty silence. And she would be aware of a pleasant awe in her heart, and of a fascination that held her gazing until she shivered with the cold.

Such days and nights slid away all too swiftly. It is true that Miss Dawlish was a little worried at times by the fact that three people believed themselves to be in love with her; but even that fact was a certain antidote to dulness. It ensured variety. For if she was pleased to luge with Arthur Chapman in the morning, she would be almost bound to skate with Geoffrey Adey in the afternoon, and, as a natural consequence, it would be only fair to go ski-ing with Frank Denby next day. Barbara Dawlish did not wish to hurt anyone's feelings. She was very happy herself, and she wanted everyone else to be happy. Of course, it was out of the question that she should marry three people, even if she wished to do so, but—sufficient for the day was the pleasure thereof. There is something about the very atmosphere of Switzerland that is fatal to serious thought or horrid common-sense. And everyone was so jolly. Even the three rivals never seemed to hate each other very bitterly. As for the other people in the hotel, everyone appeared to be on good terms with all the world, temporarily anyhow. It was, of course, a cosmopolitan collection of folks. Some of the French never seemed quite to get over their amazement at the lack of traditional cold stiffness among the English, and some of the English were mildly surprised by the sportsmanlike qualities of the French; but silly theories are only made to be revised. There was no single jarring note until the Baron came.

Barbara heard of his coming upon the hillside. She was ski-ing with Arthur Chapman, and, since they were both beginners, sustained conversation presented certain difficulties. You must imagine their conversation punctuated by spasmodic gasps and smothering falls. Barbara had noticed that Mr. Chapman seemed a shade depressed. She alluded to his mood after he had picked himself up from a quite strikingly complicated tumble. She remarked that for once he failed to extract amusement from his own mishap.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked. "Please don't be gloomy! You haven't hurt yourself by any chance?"

It would not have been surprising if he had. Mr. Chapman had fallen with his arms and legs and his long skis apparently twisted in a double bow. But somehow one rarely hurts one's self in Switzerland.

"Not in the least," he answered. "But I was wishing that this Baron person wasn't coming to the hotel!"

"It's the first I've heard of him," Barbara said.

"Oh, he was here last year, I believe. Several people have told me about him. He has—peculiar ideas of humour."

"What form do they take?" enquired Miss Dawlish.

"Hardly the kind English people care about. He's very fond of playing practical jokes upon women—making apple-pie beds and that sort of silly nonsense. And he has a knack of selecting English ladies for his attentions."

"How horrid! I wonder people stand it!" Barbara cried.

"So do I," responded Mr. Chapman, darkly. "But I have quite a fancy that if the Baron indulges his vein of perverted humour this year he'll find that people *won't* stand it."

Barbara looked at him thoughtfully. He was a big man and somewhat slow of speech. But he gave one the impression that he generally meant what he said, and somehow his sturdy figure fitted in well with the mountains and the dark-plumed pines and the white glinting expanse of snow. He was quite a strikingly poor dancer, Barbara remembered, but—she liked him.

"It will be a pity if there is any unpleasantness," she said.

"It will," agreed Mr. Chapman, grimly. "But there is a limit to everything."

Everyone seemed to be talking about the Baron that day. Upon the skating-rink in the afternoon Geoffrey Adey mentioned him to Barbara.

"They say he's a splendid skater," he observed, rather sadly. "But most Germans are, I suppose. What chance do we ever get to practise in England?"

Even as he spoke a piece of slightly rugged ice attracted fatally his right-hand skate, and they were within an inch of catastrophe. Barbara chuckled when they had resumed progress without an actual fall.

"We certainly need practice," she hinted. "I'm so glad you didn't bring us down. So the Baron is a great skater? Does he also luge to perfection?"

"They say he does not luge at all," Geoffrey answered. "He looks on it as a barbaric sport and does not care to risk marring his appearance with snow."

"His appearance?" asked Barbara. "Is it of importance?" "He is supposed to be very good-looking," Mr. Adey answered, unwillingly. "At any rate, women think so. Lady-killing is his favourite pastime, they say."

"It all sounds rather dreadful," commented Miss Dawlish, dryly.

"I only hope you will think so," said Geoffrey Adey, rather hoarsely.

"Why?" asked Barbara, with almost criminal carelessness.

Mr. Adey cleared his throat.

"Because I don't want you to think the brute good-looking!" he said. "Because—I happen to—love you, Barbara!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" said Barbara, and meant the words.

But there was no dramatic or painful scene. Mr. Adey could take defeat like a sportsman. They even finished their skating together, and went in to tea in company, with Geoffrey Adey carrying Barbara's skates as usual. She had never liked him so well as upon the day she declined to marry him.

The Baron cropped up once more that evening as she danced with Frank Denby. He danced moderately well for an Englishman, and he knew it. But he spoke of the Baron's prowess with sorrow.

"They say the man, big as he is, dances like—like an Austrian," he observed. "He's going to put all our noses out of joint, I suppose."

"But I suppose," remarked Miss Dawlish, dreamily, "that not more than one lucky woman at a time can dance with him, however much we may pine to do so! The rest of us will just have to stand against the wall and wait our turns with him!"

Mr. Denby, whose humour was slightly deficient, glanced at her with apprehension.

"Oh, I—I hope you won't do that!" he said, earnestly. "I—I would like you to promise me not to dance with him at all!"

It was a remark difficult to pass over or ignore. The inevitable followed. Mr. Denby went to bed that night with a queer sort of ache at his heart, and Miss Dawlish, gazing at the stars, wished fervently, not for the first time, that one might be friends with a man without having to refuse him!

Two days later the Baron arrived with much baggage at the hotel, and for once rumour had neither lied nor exaggerated. Indeed, in many ways it had failed to do justice to the Baron. The man was certainly magnificently built and imposingly good-looking whether you liked him or not. And upon that point, three people at the hotel had no doubts concerning their sentiments towards the new-comer. They discussed him in a corner of the smoking-room, drawn together by a mutual sympathy and fear.

"The fellow's handsome enough, in a way!" growled Geoffrey Adey.

"I suppose he is," conceded Frank Denby.

"Oh, yes, no doubt about it," admitted Mr. Chapman, sadly.

"And he can dance!"

"And skate!"

"And he believes firmly that every woman is ready to fall down and worship him!"

"I wonder if they are?" speculated Mr. Denby, with awful gloom.

The three men looked at each other.

"Er—Miss Dawlish seems to like him," said Mr. Chapman, wretchedly.

"Yes, she certainly does."

"I should never have expected it. You wouldn't think he was her form at all. But you never can tell with women!"

Again they looked at each other.

"I don't mind saying that I've had the chuck in that quarter," confessed Mr. Adey.

"And so have I," groaned Mr. Denby.

They glanced enquiringly at Arthur Chapman.

"I haven't been silly enough to ask her," that gentleman answered. "What's the good? I know well enough that I haven't an earthly chance!"

The three shook hands with sadness. Common misfortune strengthens friendship.

"I only hope it won't be that confounded Baron!" growled Mr. Denby.

"No, anyone rather than him," agreed Geoffrey Adey.

They smoked a while in gloomy silence.

"I'll tell you one thing," Arthur Chapman said, slowly. "We might keep an eye on that bouncer. And if he gets up to any of his jokes with ladies, we might—teach him a little lesson!"

And the motion was carried without a dissentient voice. Two nights later Miss Dawlish, sitting at her window, heard sounds as of a scuffle in the corridor. There was the stamp of feet, an indistinguishable word choked off in the middle, as it were, and then steady footsteps. Afterwards the silence was unbroken.

Miss Dawlish wondered for a time as to the meaning of the sounds, but in a little while forgot them in the magic of the quiet moonlit night. And in a few minutes her attention was directed to more striking matters.

An outer door had opened below her. She heard footsteps crunching upon the crisp surface of the snow. Then in the moonlight she was amazed to behold three men leading another, a tall man who struggled furiously, up the hill. One of the three dragged a luge behind him, and they were clearly making for the lugeing track. All four men were in evening clothes, and Miss Dawlish recognised their figures. She was conscious of vivid curiosity, and of a strong desire that the moonlight might not be obscured. But to her regret she noted that dark clouds were creeping about the white face of the moon. What were those three going to do with the Baron, sorely against his will?

She learned in a minute. They halted halfway up the last straight length of the track. Then they forcibly constrained the Baron to lie upon the luge—the Baron who, as Miss Dawlish remembered with a thrill, professed to scorn the rude delights of tobogganing! Through the clear air Teutonic oaths and expostulations floated to her ears. They were apparently totally unheeded by his captors. The luge was started with a will, despite the wild struggles of its prostrate occupant. It gathered pace swiftly, but the writhings of its rider turned it from its course in full career. Deep, yielding snow received him, head downwards. Miss Dawlish had one glimpse of his three tormentors, apparently unsteady with laughter, hastening to the spot, righting the luge, and settling its apoplectic burden in place once more before thick clouds cloaked definitely the moon's gracious face. She sat in darkness, marvelling as to what further outrages were being perpetrated up there upon the track.

She spoke with Arthur Chapman next day. She made it her business to speak with him. After her first sentence he showed a strong inclination towards cowardly flight, but she was as adamant. "I hear the Baron has left the hotel," she remarked.

"So they—er—tell me," answered Mr. Chapman, with an unconvincing attempt at innocence of manner.

"Why has he gone? Is it not rather sudden?" she asked.

"I suppose he—he's got sick of it," hazarded the guilty young man.

Miss Dawlish contemplated him sternly. "I want to know all about it," she commanded.

"How—how can I tell you?" faltered Arthur Chapman.

"You can, quite easily. I was sitting at my window last night about twelve o'clock, and I saw—a very curious sight!"

Arthur Chapman began to laugh against his will. "Oh, good Lord! did you really see it all?" he asked.

"I did," Miss Dawlish told him. "And now I want to hear the whole story."

Mr. Chapman braced himself for the narrative.

"I suppose you'll have to. It was like this. The Baron, as I told you, is fond of his little practical jokes. They might be all right, although tiresome, if played upon men, but he chooses English ladies, for some reason. I know—I'm afraid—that he was rather a friend of yours, but you didn't really know him, I'm sure. He's not a very good sort at all. It's not only my prejudice. Anyway, three of us made up our minds to keep an eye on him; and last night we caught him red-handed, coming out of Miss Gilbert's room."

Miss Dawlish nodded without emotion of any sort. But she had already spoken that morning to Miss Gilbert, a nervous, harmless lady of fifty, not in the least a fit subject for practical jokes.

"She had not come up yet, of course," Mr. Chapman went on. "He had been up to some silly childish trick, and we caught him coming out. We just crammed a handkerchief into his mouth and dragged him to my room. He did not want to come a bit. There we had a kind of court-martial, and passed due sentence upon him. It was carried out at once. I—I suppose you saw it being carried out?"

Miss Dawlish's voice was shaky, but she strove to look grave. "Yes, I did. He—he rather objected to the sentence?"

"Oh, frightfully! I—I only hope you were out of earshot of his—remarks?"

Miss Dawlish chose to ignore the question. "And so he has left the hotel?"

"Yes. He tried to make a fuss with the proprietor, but Monsieur simply refused to listen to him. He has had too many complaints about the Baron's little ways."

There followed a short silence, before Mr. Chapman spoke with a certain awkward diffidence. "That's all that happened. I can't be really ashamed of it. But—I hope you don't really mind. I mean—you seemed to like the Baron——"

Miss Dawlish answered very sharply with bright eyes. "I never liked him! I think he was horrid!"

"But you—you danced and skated no end with the chap!" stammered Mr. Chapman.

Barbara Dawlish spoke with a fine pity for masculine denseness. "What if I did? Isn't it just possible that I wished—to punish him in my own way? But you chose a clumsier method!"

She turned away, but Arthur Chapman caught one glimpse of her face, and somehow it nerved him to the courage that he had lacked so contemptibly. "Barbara, couldn't you see your way—to punish me too—like that?" he suggested.

And the rest is not worth recording.

THE GREEN-BACKED HERON.

UGANDA has been rightly termed the "Ornithologist's Paradise," for there one may see not only birds peculiar to the country, but many other species which migrate thither for the winter months, or else pass through it on their journey further south.

The sanderling, a plover which breeds in the most northern parts of Europe, finds its way to the shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza. The swallow, the garden-warbler and the spotted flycatcher are among the smaller British birds to be met with. Among the birds resident in the country there is great diversity of form and colour. The heron tribe is well represented. The common grey heron is met with in many parts, and may frequently be seen perched on the top of the native huts, or else fishing in considerable numbers along the lake shore. But

of all the herons, the most attractive in every way is the little green-backed heron. This bird, though possessing all the characteristics of the common heron, is very much smaller, measuring, when at rest, some eight inches to nine inches only. The colour, too, is different. As the name implies, the general colour of the bird's back is greenish grey, this colour being most pronounced in the long, slender plumes, which, measuring some six inches in length, extend from between the two shoulders to the tip of the wings. Each plume has a dark olive green centre bordered by grey. These plumes can be made out quite distinctly in the accompanying illustrations. The wings are a dark olive green, with a velvety appearance; each feather is edged with creamy white. The head carries a crest of several long, slender feathers of a rich dark green colour. The neck and lower parts are grey. Running up the centre of the throat is a narrow dark line—a feature met with in many kinds of herons, and said to aid in concealment should the bird be standing

upright among reeds, this line serving to break the continuity of the plumous grey feathers which surround the neck. The beak is long and sharp, of a horny yellow colour. The legs are short, while the toes are long and claw-like, thus enabling the bird to grip firmly while proceeding along the branches of trees. These birds have a curious way of creeping along the branches, and if suddenly disturbed will crouch low down, keeping the head and body tightly compressed and in a line with the stem. This attitude affords considerable protection, for the general colours of the bird and branch harmonise to a marked degree.

A favourite haunt of the little green heron is the boundary of ambatch trees (*Herminiera elaphroxylon*), which grow in the water a few yards out from the shore. These trees are curiously

formed; the stem is bottle-shaped, and the branches, which are very brittle, are covered with thorns. In the midst of this "bed of thorns" the green-backed heron makes its home. One can imagine the difficulties which had to be overcome before one could get sufficiently near to study and photograph these birds "at home." Unlike the common heron, these birds do not breed in regular colonies, although two or three nests may be found within a short distance of one another. Thus one cannot select at pleasure the most accessible out of a whole "herony," as one does at home. The nest photographed was situated towards the extremity of a branch which overhung the water. To reach it one had to cut a way through the tangled thorny branches sufficiently wide to allow a canoe to be passed in. The feat of setting the camera in position and correctly focussed amid the network of thorny branches was a work of art. One received many cuts and scratches while engaged in this work. The next difficulty to be faced was, where could one



WATCHING.

hide so as to be near enough to release the shutter and yet not disturb the bird? Hiding among the branches near by was out of the question, for the foliage was extremely scanty, and, as mentioned before, these branches were very brittle and would not bear one's weight. One had, therefore, to adopt the plan of releasing the shutter with a long thread from the shore. This proved very unsatisfactory, as each time the shutter had to be reset one had to get into the canoe and paddle across the intervening stretch of water, and thus disturb the bird considerably. Another plan had to be tried, and this, though most uncomfortable and dangerous, proved to be the best, as the results show. The place of concealment this time was the water! After setting the shutter, one slipped into the water at the base of the tree, and crouched down so that just one's head remained visible. The bird did not mind this in the least, and came frequently to its nest, a mere platform of twigs, which contained two eggs, a little larger than a wood-pigeon's, and of a pale blue colour. Several photographs were taken as the bird came to its nest, and those reproduced give one a good idea of the typical positions assumed by the bird and also the character of the nest and immediate surroundings. The little green heron is by no means only a tree-percher, for of an evening he may be seen standing at the lake-side feeding on small fish and any water-insects which may chance to come his way. It has been said that the birds in Uganda are very tame. This may be so to the ordinary passer-by; but let this same individual approach with a camera, and let him endeavour to photograph these "tame" birds, and he will soon find that his desired sitters are extremely timid.

V. G. L. VAN SOMEREN.



ENGAGED.

had been extensively repaired, and that a particle of down was adhering to the eyrie. A closer inspection of the nest showed us plainly that the eagle was not undertaking her family duties, and so the writer scaled the tree with little hope of seeing the eyrie occupied. He was considerably gratified, therefore, to find two eggs, quite warm to the touch, reposing in the nest, and evidence that the hen bird had been sitting for about a week. One of the eggs was beautifully marked with red-brown, but the other was grey-white in colour and quite devoid of any kind of markings. The mother bird must evidently have become aware of our approach and have slipped quietly off the eyrie while we were a considerable distance off.

EAGLES AND THEIR CLAIMS TO UNOCCUPIED EYRIES.

The fact that the eagles had so far repaired an eyrie which they did not intend to use during the present season is of some interest. We have on several previous occasions remarked on this interesting procedure, which, according to Colonel Willoughby Verner's interesting book on "Bird Life in Spain," is the custom in that country also. There can, we imagine, be no doubt as to the reason for this habit of the golden eagle. Evidently he is asserting his claim to property in temporary disuse, and this decorating

of an eyrie which is not destined to receive eggs has a two-fold purpose. The presence of fresh green twigs in the nest shows unmistakably to any stray eagles who happen to be nest-hunting that the eyrie is already in the possession of its rightful owner, and thus prevents them from setting up house in the glen already tenanted—for a pair of golden eagles must have a wide hunting-ground, and we have never yet come across two pairs of birds in a Highland strath. We have an idea that the spare eyrie may also be used as a larder, and hope to obtain further information as to this during the coming season.

AN EYRIE ON A GROUSE MOOR.

Another eyrie visited has had somewhat unfortunate experiences during the past few years. Situated in the centre of the grouse country, the nesting site, it must be admitted, is a none too happy one, and the eagles invariably pay for their rashness in their choice of a home. Every year the eggs have been taken, and on at least one occasion the hen bird was trapped. The nesting site is a rocky gorge situated 2,000ft. above sea-level, and greatly exposed to the north storms, so that the birds here nest rather later than their relatives in more sheltered situations. At one point in this narrow gorge a mountain ash grows out from a ledge, and it is between the base of the tree and the rock that the eyrie has been constructed. Now quite a substantial structure, three or four feet in height, the eyrie is built on exceptionally graceful lines, and although the nearest pine wood is many miles distant, green fir shoots have been found lining the nest. This season we visited the eyrie fully expecting to find the eagles in occupation, but discovered the nest to be deserted—and no wonder, for two large stones had been thrown into the eyrie, thus effectually preventing the parent birds from taking possession of their home. The choice of nesting sites in this locality is a very limited one, though some dozen miles south and west the land of deer forests commences, and the eagles would there have opportunities for rearing a family unmolested by the wrathful keeper whose grouse hang heavily on his conscience.

THE MOTHER EAGLE AT HOME.

Yet another eyrie visited was placed in an ancient Scots fir in a wild and inaccessible glen at about one thousand eight hundred

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE NESTING OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

SINCE the opening days of February the weather on the high grounds has been exceptionally mild, and no snow to speak of has fallen during the early spring months. The result of this open weather is that the hills above the 3,000ft. line are clear of snow, and the season at the time of writing—March 29th—is some three weeks before its time. During the last week we have visited several eyries of the mountain eagle under weather conditions which made it difficult to realise that March was still with us, and out of five nesting sites examined, three were found to be in possession of the owners. The first nesting site visited was a thickly-wooded glen boasting of at least three eyries within a radius of less than a mile. No signs of the eagles were visible as we made our way up the glen; but we had good reason to believe they were nesting in the locality, and so we first examined the eyrie which had been in use the previous season. This eyrie is situated some one thousand six hundred feet above sea-level, in a Scots fir, and can be reached with comparatively little trouble. It was found that the nest had been repaired, to a certain extent, and we noted in it freshly-pulled branches of fir, cowberry (*Empetrum nigrum*) and branches of heather (*Calluna vulgaris*). Owing to the lateness of the date—March 23rd—we were somewhat doubtful as to whether the birds intended laying in the eyrie this season, and so set out for another nest a short distance away.

A LIGHT SITTER.

Looking down on to this second eyrie from the higher slopes of the hillsides, we could make out, through the glass, that it

feet above sea-level. This glen has from time immemorial been tenanted by a pair of eagles, and this season—on March 25th—we found the eagle brooding in an eyrie of very great age. Unlike the bird referred to earlier in these notes, the eagle on this occasion was remarkably confiding, and allowed a stalker and the writer to watch her at a distance of less than one hundred yards. A heavy westerly wind was sweeping over the glen, and we were considerably surprised and interested to see that the bird was covering her eggs facing down-wind. Hitherto we had believed it to be the invariable rule that brooding birds faced the wind, and certainly one would imagine that this was the most convenient mode of procedure. The disadvantages of the eagle's position were obvious to us as we watched her on the nest. With every gust of wind the feathers on her back were ruffled and temporarily held in an almost perpendicular position, which must have been none too comfortable for the brooding bird. From her relatively dark colouring we surmised that she was a young hen—certainly her behaviour on the occasion under notice was quite different from that of the bird which occupied this same eyrie during the spring

of 1911. On that occasion she was exceedingly wary and difficult to approach, and we only once had a sight of her—even at a distance.

A TAME HIND.

On one of the upper Deeside forests there is at present a hind which is showing the most complete absence of fear where mankind is concerned. The hind—a true wild beast from the forest—was gradually tamed by timely gifts of turnips, and soon made herself quite at home near the bothy where a number of estate workmen were employed. At luncheon-time she would stand and call at the entrance of the hut, and refused to become quiet until a share of bread had been doled out to her. It should be mentioned that her calf on these occasions always remained behind at a respectful distance, apparently not sharing his mother's trust in her human friends. At length one day a workman, to test the trustfulness of the hind, held a slice of bread between his teeth and stood at the entrance of the bothy. The hind, without hesitation, walked up and calmly began to devour the morsel held out so temptingly towards her!

SETON GORDON.

IN THE GARDEN.

AN APRIL GARDEN.

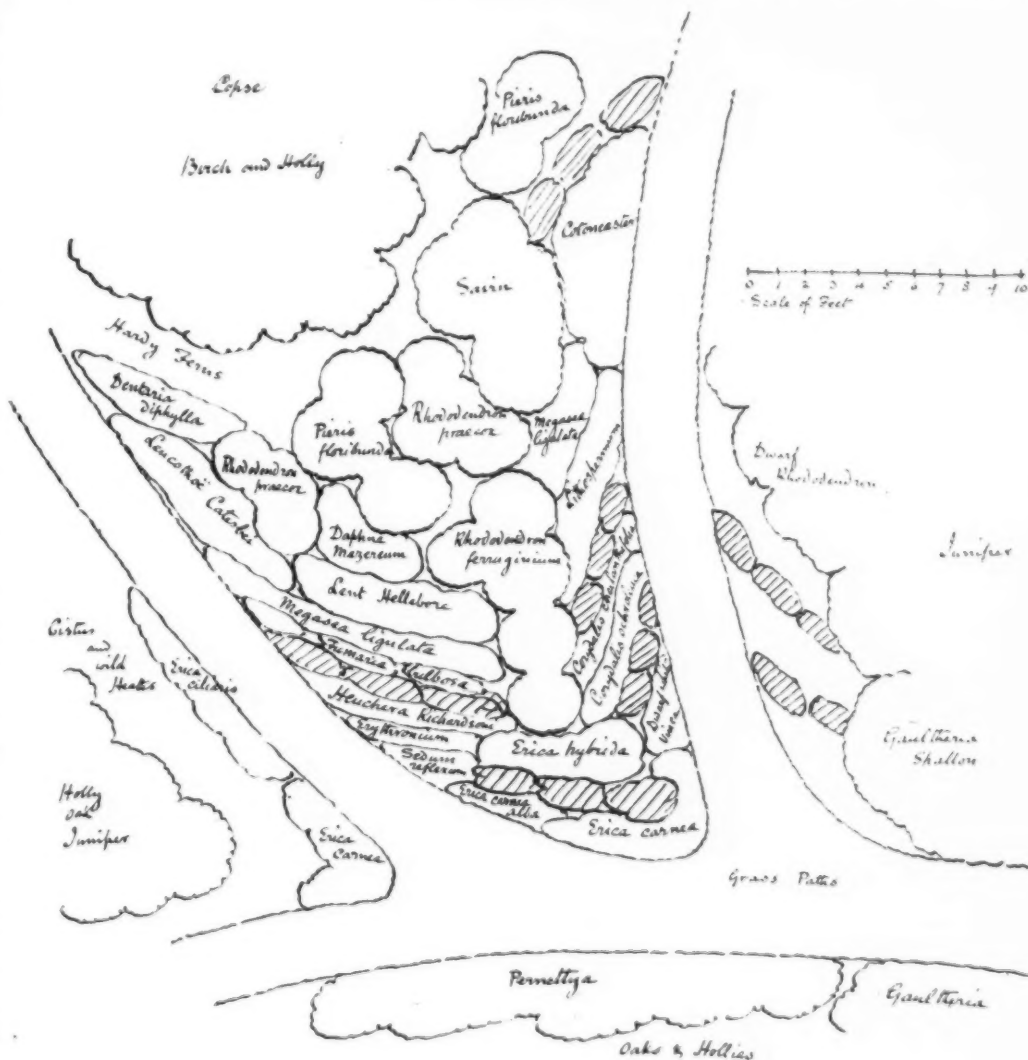
BY GERTRUDE JEKYL.

THE flowers of March and early April are so precious that it is worth taking some pains to bring some of them together in a well-considered colour harmony. In my book "Colour Schemes in the Flower Garden" there is described, and illustrated by a plan, a border for the early bulbs, such as Scilla, Chionodoxa, Crocus and a few of the smaller Narcissi, with purple Fumitory, Dog-tooth Violets and one or two other kinds of plants, the same border being covered later by hardy Ferns that are planted between the drifts of the little bulbs, and, spreading over their places in full summer growth, completely hide the empty spaces left when they died down. But, seeing that there are several beautiful shrubby things that flower at the same early time, and that would combine delightfully for colour, I have lately planned another piece of ground for them, and look forward with keen pleasure to the realisation of the intended garden picture. It is at one of the points where garden joins woodland, and where there is a meeting of four grass paths. Two of these go upwards to the wood, the two others to lawn and to a quiet entrance way. The place is too good for its present overgrowth of Gaultheria Shallon, beautiful and desirable though this fine sub-shrub is. Some of this will, therefore, be cleared away, plenty being left in the near neighbourhood, and the place will be planted as shown in the plan. It is a promontory jutting out from the wood, the middle part some two feet higher than the grass paths, with the ground coming down all ways to the point.

Some heavy lumps of the local Bargate stone are shown hatched across. They will come out of the ground with some feeling of stratification and (I hope) the appearance of a natural outcrop. The Savin, Cotoneaster and background of Hollies leading

to the wood are there, and the larger mound to the right is fully clothed with a group of wild Juniper and a thick mass of Alpenrose. Here also the thick overgrowth of Gaultheria will be partly cleared to allow two ranges of stones to be seen; at present it is so thick that the path is nearly closed. This narrow clearing on the side of the larger mound faces north-east, and will be a happy home for Hart's-tongue Ferns and a suitable place for their natural increase from self-sown spores.

The soil of the promontory is peaty sand. It will suit all the plants to be used, though possibly a little lime will be given to Daphne mezereum and Hepatica angulosa. It is quite remarkable



PLAN FOR AN APRIL GARDEN.

that at a time of year when flowers are so few there should be so many whose colours tone so well together. The colour keynote of the main group is pinkish purple or purplish pink, with a little white, and it may be noted that the groups are so composed that though it is a garden for March and earliest April, it will be well clothed during the summer months; for the hardy Ferns will cover the place of the departed *Dentaria*, and the spreading summer leaf-growth of the *Megasea* and *Heuchera* will do the same for the purple *Fumitory* and the *Dog-tooth Violet*. As in all plant grouping, great value will be found in the use of what for want of a better term I know as between-plants: for no masses of bloom, however well harmonised, have such a fine effect as they would have if supported and occasionally interrupted by stretches of foliage of dark or neutral quality. These between-plants are here represented by the towering *Hollies* at the back, enlivened by the shafts of the *Silver Birches*, and, nearer, by the *Savin*, by the solid deep green of the *Alpine Rhododendron*, by the glossy, clean-leaved *Andromeda* (*Leucothoe Catesbaei*) and by the dull reddish, satin-surfaced foliage of the *Heuchera*. The *Alpenrose* and *Andromeda* are out of the flower-scheme because of their later season of blooming, and the *Heuchera* because at any season the leaves are of better garden worth than the flowers. *Sedum reflexum*, also a later-blooming plant, comes into the same class, the whole growth turning a bronze red, in quality nearly matching the *Heuchera*.

The colour changes a little on the side of the promontory facing the *Juniper mound*, where white and pale yellow lead to the bluish *Hepaticas*. The white *Vinca*, next to the grass, is not one of the *Lesser Periwinkles* common in gardens, but a more tufted plant. It was collected wild in Northern Italy, and is a very dainty and pretty thing. *Corydalis cheilanthis* is a charming early plant. By the second week of March the new foliage shows like Fern fronds of brilliantly vivid green, to be followed by the graceful blooms of purest canary yellow. Its better-known companion, *C. ochroleuca*, has paler flowers and greyish leaves. *Lithospermum prostratum* is here used as a between-plant, with its sombre mass of deep green ground-clothing. It is early to bloom, but not early enough to take a part in the March-April show; but it will be a point of interest throughout the summer.

Apart from the colour-scheme indicated, there will be another a little further along of blue, white and palest yellow, including some of the early bulbs, that may form the subject of some later notes.

SOME REMARKABLE BRAMBLES.

ONE of the most remarkable plants of this genus is the double-flowering Bramble (*R. fruticosus flore pleno*), a hooked climber, invariably to be seen sprawling over the surrounding vegetation. Like all other flowers that are truly double, it is unable to produce fruits or seed, thus defeating its own object in life. In most instances double-flowering plants are weak in constitution and unable to hold their own in Nature, with the result that they quickly die out if left to their own resources. Such, however, is not the case with the double-flowering Bramble, for it sends out strong, drooping shoots, which layer themselves at the tips, thus perpetuating its kind vegetatively, although not by seed. It is a handsome plant, worthy of extended cultivation, for it continues to blossom until the single-flowered forms are ripening their fruits. The double-flowering Bramble is not the only one that does not produce fruit. The writer has under observation a Bramble of hybrid origin which never has produced, and probably never will produce, a fruit. The flowers are apparently normal, but the plant is quite sterile. On the other hand, some hybrids, notably the Raspberry-Blackberry crosses, are most prolific croppers. The best known is the *Loganberry*, which merits a place in every garden. A great number of similar hybrids have been raised, such, for instance, as *The Mahdi*, *Lowberry*, *Hailsham*, *Laxtonberry*, *King's Acre Berry* and *Phenomenal Berry*. Some of them are secondary hybrids, having been crossed back upon one of the parents; this accounts for some of the crosses more closely resembling the Raspberry than the Blackberry, or *vice versa*. Among a host of interesting species are the *Salmon Berry* (*R. spectabilis*), a showy American species that

has escaped from cultivation and established itself in some parts of our Southern Counties; the *Trimbleberry*, or *Virginian Raspberry* (*R. occidentalis*), producing quantities of very small black fruits; the *Cloudberry*, or *Ground Mulberry* (*R. Chamamorus*), an unarmed species, native of Britain; and the *Dewberry*, a variety of the common Bramble. The list would not be complete without reference to the lofty New Zealand species (*R. australis*), in which the leaf-blades are reduced to a minimum—the most simple mode of reducing loss of water by evaporation.

H. C.

HARDY FERNS.

At the present time the smaller of the hardy Ferns which are growing in the rock garden ought to have some attention. It is a good plan to clear away most of the old fronds now, as these make an excellent shelter for slugs if allowed to remain. The crowns of the older plants will, in many cases, be projecting some inches out of the soil, and these ought to have new soil packed neatly and firmly around them. A mixture of two parts good turfy loam and one part leaf-soil or coarse peat is excellent for the purpose. Make the new soil just level with the crowns of the plants. The new roots will quickly grip this fresh material, and the plants will derive great benefit from it.

DESTROYING POND-WEEDS WITH COPPER SULPHATE.

A note in the current issue of the *Kew Bulletin* furnishes fuller particulars on the destruction of the various forms of algae, or floating weeds, in ponds by the use of copper sulphate than have hitherto been available. These weeds are exceptionally troublesome in most places during the summer months, and their removal often entails a great deal of expense. At Kew copper sulphate at the rate of one part to from seven hundred and fifty thousand to one million parts of water has been found effective, the cubic contents of the pond being roughly estimated beforehand. The copper sulphate in a pulverised form was placed in a porous bag and dragged through the water until dissolved, this being safer than spraying it on the surface as is sometimes done. Where the water is used for watering greenhouse and other plants the copper sulphate should not be employed. Its effect on fish in the ornamental water in St. James' Park is recorded, and is of exceptional interest. The copper sulphate treatment has been adopted there with great success, and the fish, which used to be attacked by fungus, were at the last cleaning out of the pond found to be quite free from it. The conclusion to be drawn from this is that when used in a weak state, as advised above, the fish are really benefited thereby. On the other hand, more delicate species of fish in America were injured by the copper, which was, however, probably used at a greater strength. In the note in question the kinds of fish in the respective waters are not mentioned.

H.

AMATEUR JOCKEYSHIP

I AM a great believer in the theory that no one should pose as a critic unless he has proved his own capability as an exponent of what he criticises, whether it be art, literature, or even horsemanship, and having no claims of this kind would disclaim any right to deal with the technicalities of amateur jockeyship. There are one or two points, however, which are obvious to the ordinary observer on which it may be permitted to say a word or two. This time of the year, when upon practically every lawful day of the week there are Hunt steeplechase meetings here, there and everywhere, is *par excellence* the season of the amateur rider; also, incidentally, of the amateur steeplechase horse as well,



THE HUNT STEEPLECHASE SEASON: JUMPING ACROSS.

if one may use the term. At this season men get up to ride races who are amateurs in every sense of the term, and horses are asked to race which never did so before, and, one might add, many of which will never be asked to do so again.

In regard to the men at least it is a pretty harmless amusement; as to some of the horses there may be some doubt, as I think, in common with many better judges, that many good hunters are spoiled in the attempt to make bad steeplechasers of them. However this may be, these meetings are a source of amusement to a great number of people, all the more that one's friends, human and equine, are probably taking part in the racing. It is curious what a wide difference there is between steeplechasing and following hounds across a country; this applies equally to horses and riders. The clever hunter does not always adapt himself readily to the different conditions of pace, etc., in negotiating the more or less artificial obstacles, and instead of being the safe conveyance he was over the natural country, the difference of pace is often the undoing of him.

It has always been a subject of wonder to me how, in a great race like the Grand National, with its big field of runners, there are not more riders seriously hurt, if not killed, by being ridden over in the many falls that take place, and it seems to me that such not being the case is a great tribute to the horsemanship. Whether this is so or not, I am sure that were the field of twenty-five or more made up of the average amateurs one sees at Hunt meetings, even supposing the course to be nothing out of the common, the grief would be proportionately much greater and the results more serious. As the school in which the best of our amateur riders graduate, many of these Hunt meetings, of course, must sometimes "entertain angels unawares"; but everything must have a beginning, and even the future National jockey may not be a genius from the first.

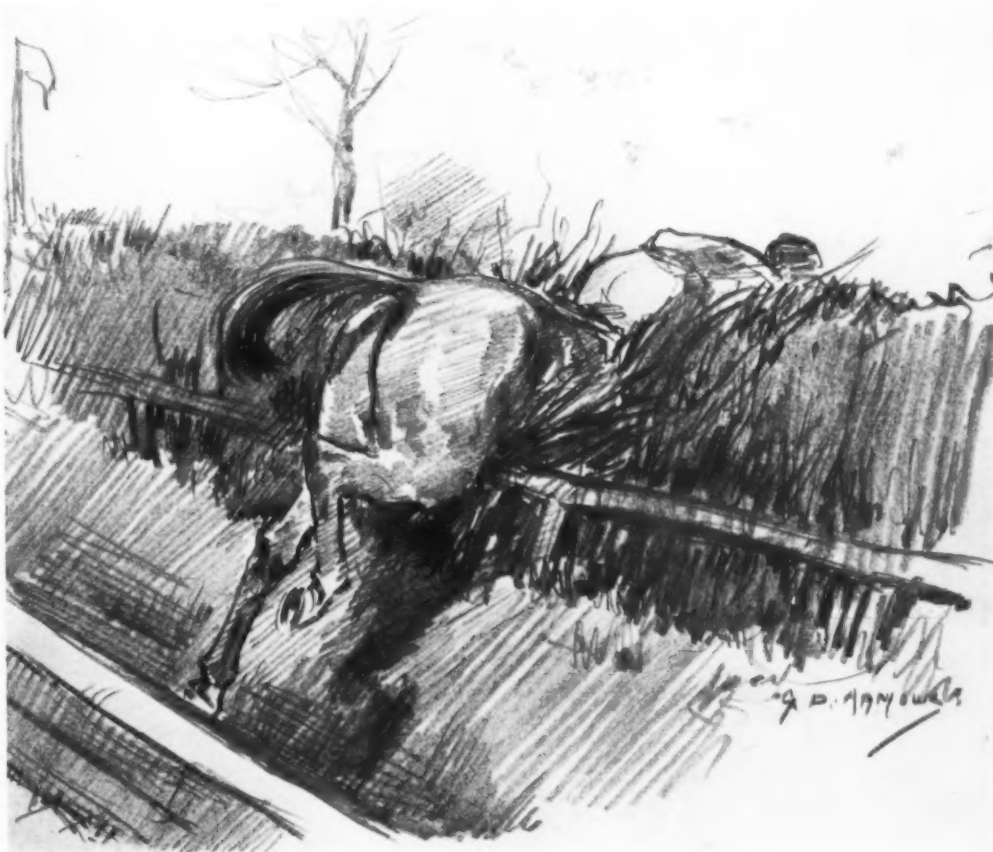
There is one thing one occasionally sees, fortunately not often, but often enough to make it worth mention, and that is when from excitement or some such cause the amateur rides a beaten horse out to a greater extent than necessary. In steeplechasing, of course, there is sometimes an off-chance that a horse seemingly out of the race may get his chance through those in front falling; therefore the temptation to persevere is often present. There are cases, however, when this hope cannot exist. Such a case I saw only last week. In what was described as a "farmers' and tradesmen's race," a horse, when at least a quarter of a mile behind the leaders—who were in or near the winning field—was ridden to a practical "standstill," only terminated by his final plunge into the middle of the fence guarded by the usual rail and regulation ditch, in the midst of which he lay until rolled



BEATEN.

into the next field with the assistance of a couple of men pulling on his tail. Ridden by a practised jockey, this horse would have been pulled up at least half a mile sooner. Riding a horse till the inevitable fall comes may show courage upon the part of the rider, but it also demonstrates his stupidity, if not inhumanity, too.

Team-racing, as I think it is called, such as is sometimes a condition of some soldiers' races, rather puts a premium on riding out beaten horses, and, to my mind, is a great drawback to this kind of racing. I well remember a military point-to-point meeting of this kind. It was held in a country in which much of the going was deep, and owing to this and the fact that each man was riding for points for his team, at the last four or five fences from the finish there were rows of horses lying waiting to get their wind. G.



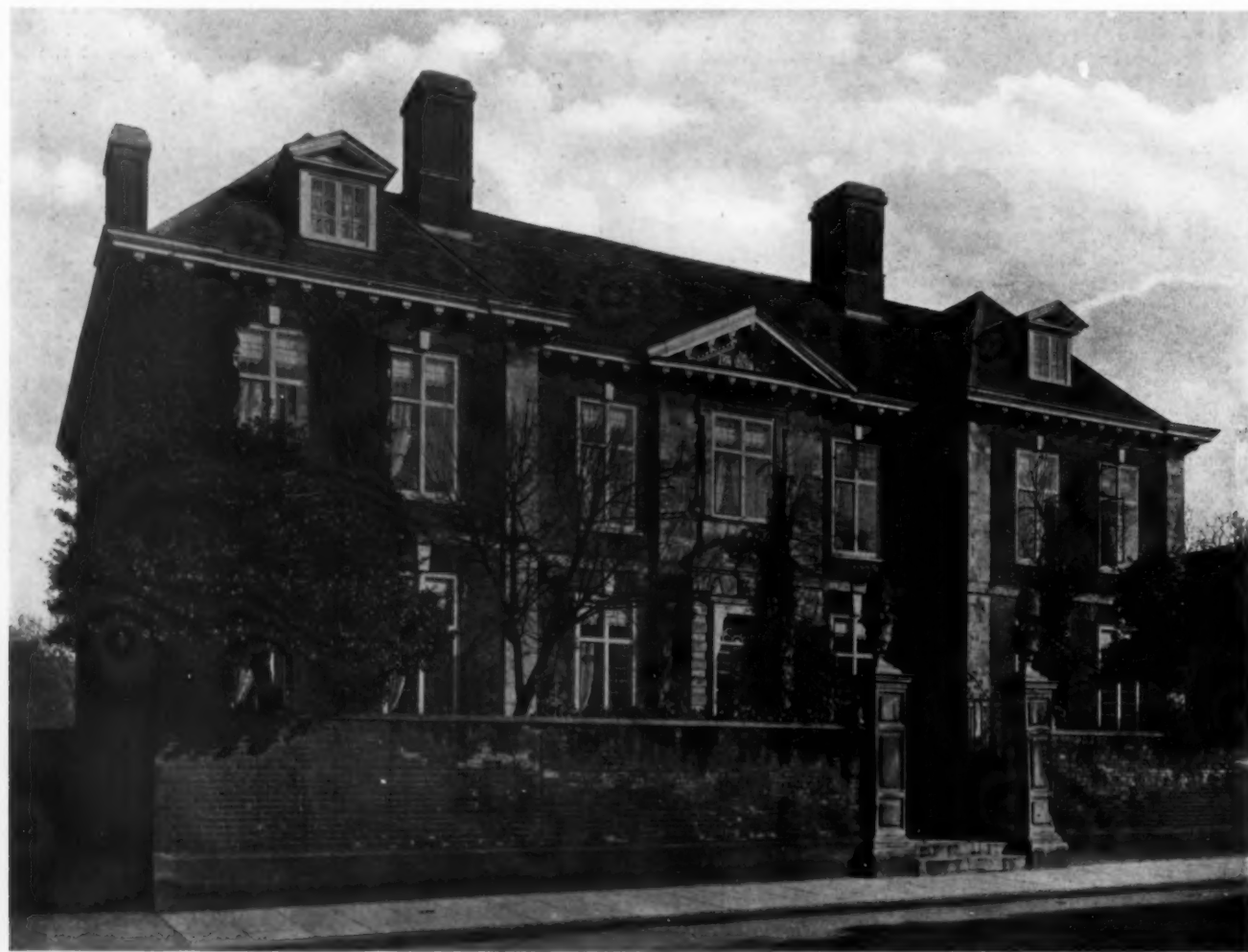
THE RESULT OF OVER-PERSEVERANCE.



THERE are three houses in Chichester the design of which has been attributed by tradition to Sir Christopher Wren. Of these, one stood in South Street, and was built for Sir Richard Farrington. Early in the eighteenth century, however, a part of it was pulled down and the rest greatly disfigured. Dallaway, the historian of Sussex, observes that the "annals of Chichester are more scanty than those of almost every other provincial capital." This, perhaps, accounts for the entire absence of evidence that Sir Christopher Wren did in fact design any of the three, and they do not find a place in any authentic list of his works. We are not, however, without reference to their building. From 1710 to 1789 there lived in Chichester one James Spershott, an elder of the Baptist chapel. He was moved to write some slender memoirs of the changes that had taken place in his native city during his lifetime. Not the least important thing that he records of his youth is that "there were very few Houses even in the main Streets that had solid Brick Fronts, except such as appear'd to have been Built within a few years back. . . . In the North Street, there were two or three Houses with sash windows. *The West Street had none.* In the South Street there

was one, viz., Lady Farington's large new House. . . . The rest of the best Houses had Transom windows with Glass in Led, that is to say, a frame with an Upright piece of Timber in the Middle and a Transverse or cross piece a little below the top. And I verily think from what appear'd in those days that there was not one Sash window in the City at the beginning of this Eighteenth Century, for the Best House in the City standing not far from the West Gate on the North side of the West Street, Built in the year 1696, had only Transom windows many years since my remembrance." Mr. Spershott could not have given us a more illuminating piece of architectural information. He makes it perfectly clear that, whether the house in the West Street, now called Wren's House, was built by Sir Christopher or not, it had casement windows with transoms, and not sliding sashes. The proportions of the front, the apt mingling of stone and brick and the rich, yet restrained, detail mark it as the work of a master hand. It is quite likely that Wren supplied a sketch for it, even if he did not superintend its building, but it is significant that Dallaway, writing in 1812, does not mention his name.

The house is now owned by Mr. Walter Tower and occupied by Sir Arthur Fairbairn. Unfortunately the original staircase





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THE ENTRANCE TO "WREN'S HOUSE."

"COUNTRY LIFE."



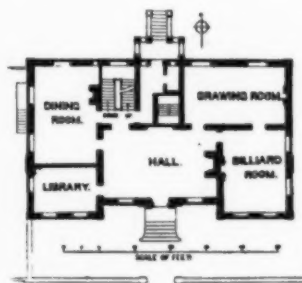
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"WREN'S HOUSE," FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

was removed some time ago in order that two staircases might be built in its place, and the plan of Wren's House now reproduced shows its present condition. The old staircase, however, has been preserved, and in detail is almost exactly like the one which remains at Pallant House. About eleven years ago Mr. Tower's predecessor in the ownership of Wren's House removed the sliding sashes which had been inserted, and put in the present casements, so that the front of the house now appears as when it was first built. Additions, however, have been made to the back or garden elevation, which have destroyed its original character.

No mention is made in Sperscott's Memoirs of the third house reputed to have been by Wren, viz., Pallant House. Whereas Wren's House was built in 1696 by John Parke, the Sub-Dean of the Cathedral, Pallant House probably dates from about fifteen years later. The old city of Chichester

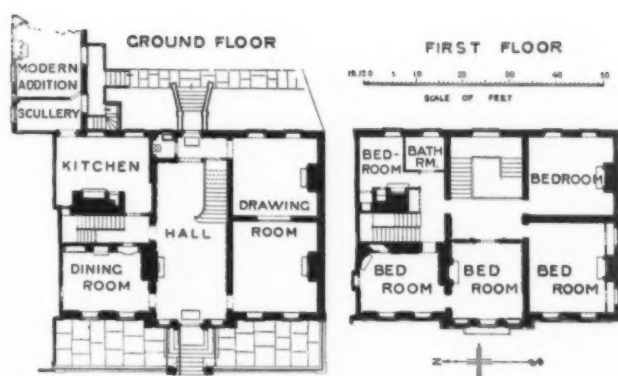


"WREN'S HOUSE": PLAN.

was divided in Roman times into four quarters by main streets running north, south, east and west. This arrangement has never been destroyed. The south-east section has always been called Pallant—written Palenta in the sixteenth century—and at the end of the seventeenth century was becoming the fashionable quarter. Divided like the city itself by cross streets, it boasted at the intersection a market cross. The Corporation Act Book shows that in 1713 permission was given to one Mr. Peckham for the removal of this cross. Dallaway says that the Peckhams "built a commodious mansion house in Pallant," but neither specifies it particularly nor gives a date. Hay says Pallant House was built about 1712 for the purposes of a Custom House, but that is clearly wrong.

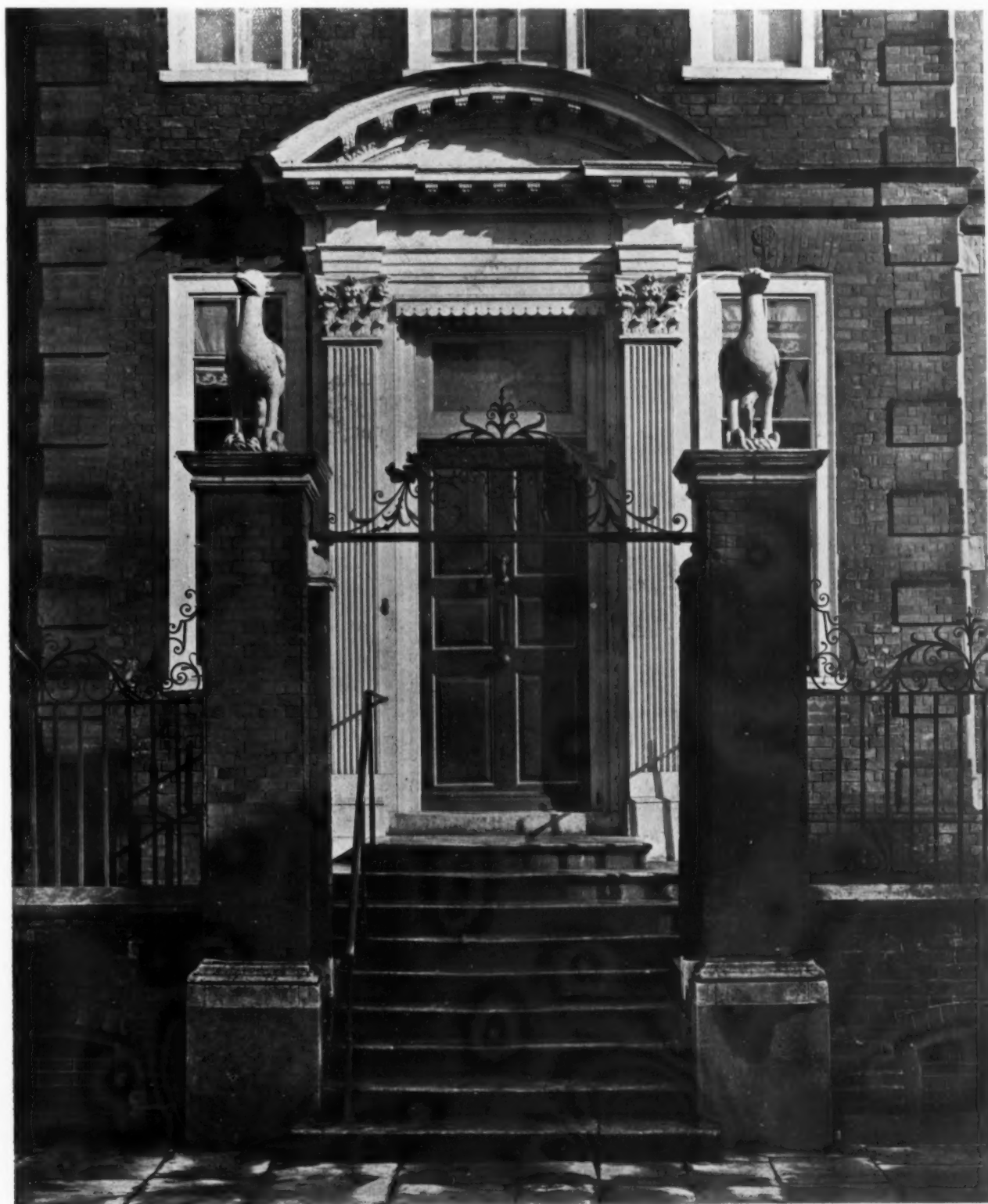
The Chichester Guide of 1831 tells us that "there are some excellent residences in this quiet and genteel spot," and goes on to refer

to mansions there owned by Dr. Sanden and Colonel Brereton. The description of their gardens, however, does not fit in with the position of Pallant House, which stands at the corner of the streets called North and East Pallant. It is certain, therefore, that Pallant House was built by Henry Peckham, known as "Lisbon Peckham," and that he secured the removal of the market cross in 1713 to improve its outlook. It is set back a few feet from the street frontage to allow of a raised paved



PALLANT HOUSE: PLANS.

terrace enclosed by wrought-iron railings and a gate. Peckham's initials are prettily done in interlaced ironwork. Flanking the gate are piers topped by dodos in stone. These delightful creatures would puzzle the ornithologist and have earned for the building the names of Dodo House and Swan House. Under the house and the raised terrace are very large cellars, once filled no doubt with a rare store of casks and puncheons. The brickwork is finely built, and on the lintels are carved in flat relief fleur-de-lys, rose,



thistle, oak sprigs and a harp. Unfortunately the down pipes are undated. The frame of the entrance door is of carved wood. On the roof there has been built a tower-like addition which is somewhat defacing, but it serves a practical purpose in housing the staircase to the leads. Peckham, moreover, was a wine merchant, and it is said that the roof tower was built to enable him to get a good view of the harbour. When he saw one of his wine-laden ships approaching, before she was visible to the Excisemen at the harbour, he had time to make arrangements to dodge the Revenue officers. This story is given with reserve, for it does not appear how such a short notice would have helped him to circumvent the preventive men. On the roof has been painted a big compass, by which means the builders justly laid stress on the view across the delightful medley of red-tiled roofs to the Cathedral.

Pallant House, which now belongs to Mr. Hawes, was for some time in the possession of the late Mr. Godman.

The interior has been somewhat disfigured, but the staircase and the panelling of the landing are good characteristic work of the period. We are indebted to Mr. R. C. Foster for permission to reproduce the plans he made of Pallant House. Whether the two houses illustrated were by Wren or no, they are wholly worthy of him. Their attractiveness marks the justice with which his domestic work, all too little in amount, is so richly admired. As a writer in the *Contemporary Review* said, nearly thirty years ago, "Wren's work has been in fashion and out of fashion till so much of it as deserves to endure has finally taken its place above fashion: the beauty that has been thought beautiful for two hundred years is worth examining, for in matters of art, Time is the final judge. Fashions come and go; to have outlived many fashions, yet always to have been thought admirable, is perhaps the highest distinction that human nature can attain." Perhaps the most valuable quality of Wren's work, and certainly of the houses now illustrated, is its perfect reasonableness. Inigo



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PALLANT HOUSE, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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PALLANT HOUSE: THE FIRST FLOOR LANDING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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PALLANT HOUSE: THE STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Jones demanded of all building that it should be "solid, masculine and unaffected." Of these Chichester houses no less is true, and no more need be claimed. L. W.

ICONOCLAST.

God said, "Beloved, I am come to break
Thy jar of precious ointment; for thy sake
I bid thee turn
Thine eyes away until my work be done,
Lest thou discern
More than the soul may bear beneath the
sun."

But I made answer, "Now am I accurst!
For what Thou doest is Thy last, Thy worst!
Yet, though Thou spill
My treasure on the ground, I will look on,
That I may fill
My hands, my heart therewith, ere all be
gone."

Then He, in pity, "Wilt Thou have it so?"
And I, "No worse may be! I wait the
blow."—

So, overturned
And shattered lay my jar; yea, as I spoke,
The worst I learned;
For it was empty—empty ere it broke.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

CURIOUS NAMES OF CANADIAN PLANTS.—II.

Gay Wings.
Moonflowers.
Morning Glory.
Scarlet Bugler.
Mist Maidens.
Angel's Trumpets.
Devil's Apples.
Balm of Heaven.
Mountain Balm.
Angel's Hair.
Adam and Eve.
Adam's Needle.
Job's Tears.
Jacob's Ladder.

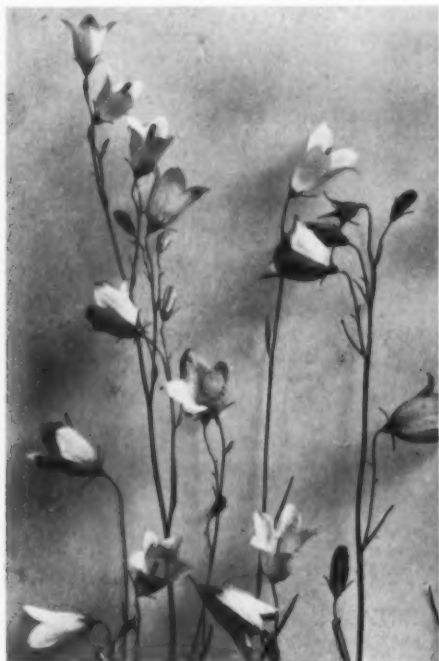
Canterbury Bells.
Whispering-bells.
Bluebells.
Fairy-bells.
Harebells.
Bronze-bells.
Satin-bells.
Mission-bells.
Golden Lily-bells.
Moon Daisy.
Woodland Stars.
Golden Stars.
Star of Bethlehem.
Shooting Stars.

Blazing Stars.
Blue Stars.
Star Grass.
Starwort.
Sundew.
Suncups.
Sunshine.
Four O'Clock.
Ten O'Clock.
Sundial.
Compass Plant.
Fleabane.
Lousewort.
Cancer-root.

Bladder-pod.
Chinese Pork.
Ague-weed.
Backache-root.
Boneset.
Itchweed.
Lungwort.
Venus' Looking-glass.
Venus' Pride.
Venus' Cups.
Venus' Flytrap.
Andromeda.
Ithuriel's Spear.
Diogenes' Lantern.

Beefsteak Plant.
Madweed.
Beggar Ticks.
Gypsy Combs.
Pitchforks.
Heart of the Earth.
Queen of Heaven.
Angel's Lantern.
Lantern of the Fairies.
Mother's Heart.
Love Vine.
Evening Snow.
Judas Tree.
Joshua Tree.

Our Lord's Candle.
St. Andrew's Cross.
St. John's Wort.
St. Peter's Wort.
Herb of St. Barbara.
Chalice-cups.
Dream Flower.
Spring Beauty.
Harbinger of Spring.
Farewell to Spring.
Herald to Summer.
Midsummer Men.
Christmas Horns.



HAREBELL.
(*Campanula rotundifolia*.)



SPRING BEAUTY.
(*Claytonia sessilifolia*.)



SHOOTING STAR.
(*Dodecatheon pauciflorum*.)

THERE are many curious names given to Canadian, and more especially to Pacific Coast, flowers which are veritable inspirations, so perfectly do they designate and depict the plants. Take, for instance, Gay Wings—who that has seen groups of this tiny mauve *Polygala paucifolia* has not been reminded of a company of bright-winged butterflies sunning themselves over the meadows? Or take the Moonflower (*Ipomœa pandurata*), a first cousin of the Morning Glory (*I. purpurea*), and note how it opens its wonderful white-throated flowers only at night, in order to attract the dusk-loving moths, whose lance-like tongues alone are long enough to drain the sweetness with which they fertilise the species; or the Scarlet Bugler (*Pentstemon centranthifolius*), who trumpets the coming of dawn to the hills; or the Mist Maidens (*Romanzoffia sitchensis*), fragile flowers of velvety white, that shimmer like lustrous



CHALICE-CUP.
(*Anemone occidentalis*.)



MOUNTAIN RHODODENDRON.
(*Rhododendron albiglorum*.)

pearls in the green setting of their scalloped leaves, or lean far out over the ice-born rivulets, like Lorelei, to tempt the naturalist to destruction on the crags in the cañon below. Could more appropriate names be found for these? I think not.

Angel's Trumpets and Devil's Apples are both, strangely enough, *Daturas*, the one having handsome pendulous flowers, and the other such poisonous fruit as to cause convulsions and even death to the adventurous eater. Balm of Heaven, a

beautiful mountain member of the Heath family, that blossoms when the birds nest, and the odour of green things growing mingles in the air round about Lake Louise with the fragrance of:

That creamy blur
of white

Men call Rhododendrons,

as they send aloft slim, stiff stems bearing clustered circles of pure waxen flowers that hold within their corolla cups a heart of golden stamens, and Mountain Balm, or Yerba Santa, the "Holy Plant" of the

Californian foothills, are both extremely aromatic and comely. Angel's Hair (*Cuscuta Gronovii*) is a mass of tangled yellow strands plentifully studded with whitish flowers, which winds itself round about the shrubs and tall plants in moist places, and is parasitic upon the bark of its victims. It has neither leaves nor chlorophyll, and not even an honest root to show good intention, for no sooner have the tendrils found a secure hold than the root dies away, leaving the dodder to flourish in mid-air, fed by the juices of the plants it taps. The conduct of this Angel's Hair is anything but angelic, it being a degenerate of the lowest type. Adam and Eve are twin mountain lilies, and Adam's Needle is a conspicuous pink Yucca; Jacob's Ladder is a blue *Polemonium* found in swamps, and Job's Tears are *Tradescantias*, which in the morning open wide their cerulean eyes, but by noon are, like Job, "dissolved in tears," every blossom retiring into its calyx and a fluid jelly trickling out where the flower

coverlet of the leaves with points of flame, lead one up to the Moon Daisies and the Sundews, fat little *Droseras* which carry tiny sparkling drops on their leaves, Suncups (*Oenothera*), strange plants bearing bright yellow flowers, whose apparent stems are only enormously elongated calyx-tubes, the seed vessels being below the surface of the ground, and Sunshine (*Bæria gracilis*), a *Compositæ* that weaves a golden tapestry



CONTORTED LOUSEWORT.
(*Pedicularis contorta*.)

"bells" among the wild flowers of Canada—Canterbury Bells and Whispering-bells (*Emmenanthe penduliflora*), which rustle softly on the hillsides, telling of spring; Bluebells, the Fairy-bells of the *Disporum*, Harebells and Golden Lily-bells; Bronze-bells, Satin-bells and the handsome copper-hued Mission-bells (*Fritillaria lanceolata*), a lovely plant on which

'Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

These are but a few of the charming "bells" which ring out gladness and beauty to the wanderer in the woods from May until October.

Then there are myriads of "stars" shining in the green firmament of the grass: Woodland Stars and the Golden Stars of the *Bloomeria*; Stars of Bethlehem and Shooting Stars (*Dodecatheon pauciflorum*), Blazing Stars (*Mentzelia laevicaulis*), radiant with "lashes of light" that open at eventide to illumine the dusk with their gold-centred lamps; Blue Stars, Star Grass and Starworts. These lovely constellations, that prick the green



BLADDER-POD.
(*Physaria didymocarpa*.)

blomed before. This plant was first introduced into England from America by John Tradescant, gardener to King Charles I.

There are all sorts of

over the fields. In the Spanish packs of cards used in California in the last century the Knave of Spades was always shown holding a bunch of Sunshine in his hand.

The Four O'Clocks and Ten O'Clocks remind us that there is a sundial (*Lupinus perennis*), and Thoreau tells us "the earth is blued with it." Its quaint name is derived from a habit of going to sleep each night, when it folds its leaves downwards around each stem, and thus avoids that chill which comes to horizontal surfaces by radiation. The Compass Plant (*Wyethia amplexicaulis*) is so named because its erect leaves always grow with their edges pointing north and south. Very ugly are some of the names given to certain plants



MIST MAIDENS.
(*Rhomanzoffia sitchensis*.)

with poisonous, healing or anti-toxine properties, such as Fleabane, Lousewort, Cancer-root, Bladder-pod, Chinese Pork, Ague-weed, Backache-root, Boneset, Itchweed and Lungwort, yet many of these flowers are extremely beautiful and richly deserve more pleasing titles, notably the Fleabanes and Louseworts, of which *Pedicularis contorta* is one of the most exquisite. This plant has cream-coloured beaked blossoms and Fern-like

foliage tinged with reddish brown; it grows at very high altitudes, being usually found at seven thousand feet above sea-level, and in especial quantities on the grassy slopes above Lake Louise in the Rocky Mountains.

Venus has a big following among the flowers. There are Venus' Looking-glass, Venus' Pride, Venus' Cups and Venus' Flytraps. Of these, Venus' Looking-glass (*Legouzia perfoliata*), a relative of the Harebell, is a particularly dainty plant. Another mythological name is Andromeda (*A. polifolia*). "This plant is always fixed on some little turfy hillock in the midst of the swamps," wrote Linnaeus, "just as Andromeda herself was chained to a rock in the sea." Then there is Ithuriel's Spear (*Brodiaea grandiflora*), a tall, blossom-bearing lance, and Diogenes' Lantern (*Calochortus amabilis*), a wondrous

Very tender are some of the commoner flower names, Heart of the Earth (*Brunella vulgaris*) spreads its big purple-headed blooms far and wide; Queen of Heaven rules in whitest purity over meadows decked in scarlet, azure and gold; Angel's Lanterns and Lantern of the Fairies light the cañons with strings of delicate luminous globes; Mother's Heart (*Capsella Bursa-pastoris*), called in Europe Shepherd's Purse, is a well-known weed; the Love Vine spreads everywhere "the tangles of her golden hair"; and Evening Snow (*Gilia*) falls like a mantle over the mountains when late in the afternoon this white Phlox opens its flowers in thousands, turning radiant faces to the stars all through the quiet night, and falling asleep again with tightly-closed corollas at the rising of the sun, only to reawaken when the shadows stretch long pointed ears towards the east.

Our Lord's Candle (*Hesperoyucca Whipplei*), which sets its waxen tapers on the hillsides in early summer, is one of the most marvellous plants on the Pacific Coast, where its flower panicles grow three or more feet long at the summit of tall leafless bracteate scapes. The Saints claim many flowers. There are St. Andrew's Cross (*Ascyrum hypericoides*), St. John's Wort (*Hypericum perforatum*), St. Peter's Wort, which is also an *Ascyrum*, and Herb of St. Barbara (*Brassica Sinapistrum*), all having small yellow flowers.

The Chalice-cup (*Anemone occidentalis*) is perhaps the most beautiful of all the early spring flowers, and its wonderful white cups, purple shaded on the outside, may be found growing close to the retreating line of the snow on the mountainsides in the months of May and June. Later, when the sepals fall off, the seed-heads present a lovely plumose appearance.

Quite in contrast are the diaphanous Dream-flower (*Claytonia virginica*) and the Spring Beauty (*C. sessilifolia*). In warm wet valleys, when the June sunshine has awakened the Alpine world from its winter sleep, you will find these exquisite flowers growing in abundance, and as you stoop to gather them the whole plant, consisting of a tuberous root and one stalk with two leaves and a cluster of blossoms at the top, will inevitably come up in your hand, so easily does it leave the soil. Of a delicate pink, veined with rose colour, are

These little Dream-flowers found in spring,

of which Longfellow wrote in "Hiawatha":

Where the fire had smoked and smouldered
Saw the earliest flower of Spring-time,
Saw the beauty of the Spring-time,
Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.

Miskodeed is the Canadian Indian name for the Spring Beauty. Another charming plant is Harbinger of Spring (*Erigenia bulbosa*), a pretty little member of the Parsley family. Farewell to Spring (*Godetia amoena*), with its rosy flowers, is a gay species, so is its companion, Herald to Summer, while Midsummer Men (*Sedum telephium*) and Christmas Horns, a gorgeous scarlet Larkspur, both bespeak special seasons.



FLOWER SLOPES IN THE SELKIRK MOUNTAINS.

Where Spring Beauties and Rhododendrons Abound.

drooping tulip with an enquiring expression in its yellow-fringed flowers.

The Beefsteak Plant, one of the *Pedicularis*, is so called because its stems and flowers are the colour of raw meat; Madweed is one of the Skullcap tribe with which the ancient herb-doctors professed to cure hydrophobia; Beggar Ticks are lovely bur-marigolds and are greatly traduced by such a hideous name; Gypsy Combs (*Dipsacus sylvestris*) are famous by reason of their use as natural instruments for raising the nap on woollen cloth; and Pitchforks (*Bidens frondosa*) are a nuisance to every passer-by, because their rusty, two-pronged seeds catch and cling to one's clothing with a terrible tenacity.

Two Biblical trees on the Pacific Coast south of British Columbia are the Judas Tree (*Cercis occidentalis*)—regarding which the legend runs that it bore white blossoms until Judas hanged himself from its branches, when it blushed so deeply

with shame that its flowers have ever since been rose red—and the Joshua Tree of the Mormons (*Cleistoyucca arborescens*), a very weird and distorted tree which bears dirty white flowers that have a horrid odour.

JULIA W. HENSHAW.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THERE are few books so interesting as those that deal with village-life in England. One seems to feel that as it existed it is rapidly passing away. Until recently very few changes had occurred, and the village of 1800 was a recognisable development of that of 1600; but one of the first discoveries to effect a radical change was the fact that lighting could be done cheaply by oil. Up to then village people had to be content with the rush lights and tallow candles. Many were so poor that they regarded even these as luxuries, and the saving of candle-ends was a general form of economy. Even in considerable houses fire-light was used as much as possible to save candle-light. Studious young people read their books in front of it, and industrious women knitted by it after the household had gone to bed. A long essay would be required to show what effect was produced on the mind of the villager by the substitution of the paraffin oil lamp for the tallow candle. Its most important effect was to prepare the way for the explosion of many old prejudices and superstitions. These were fostered by the conversation that took place when a little company of villagers sat on the oak settles before the dancing, uncertain firelight and had few subjects of conversation beyond those that arose out of the small doings of the village. This vein of thought was started by the reading of Mr. Fairfax Blakeborough's new book, *Life in a Yorkshire Village* (the Yorkshire Publishing Company). Carlton in Cleveland in its history and character is a very typical North of England village, so typical that one is startled to find exactly the same occurrences recorded as having taken place in it as have taken place in villages which we know personally. It is a place pleasantly "situated on a loop road, half a mile from Stokesley and Northallerton highway." In it is to be found the bull-ring, where, up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, bull-baiting used to take place. Forty years ago the May-pole was still standing surrounded by a wooden fence, and dancing round it was continued for a long time after the abolition of bull-baiting:

Happy the age, and harmlesse were the dayes
(For there true love and amity was found)
When every village did a Maypole raise
And Whitson ales and May games did abound.

In 1788 "The Four Alls Inn" at Carlton was purchased by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and turned into a vicarage. "The Four Alls" is a sign that occurs with tolerable frequency in Great Britain. An illustration of it is given here, and also the explanatory lines by which it used to be accompanied:

The Parson prays for all,
The Lawyer pleads for all,
The Soldier fights for all,
But the Farmer pays for all.

The vicarage has its ghost, as what old vicarage in the North has not? The spirit is said to be that of a woman who was murdered and buried in the cellars under the vicarage. More frequently the modern ghost manifests itself by curious noises, and in one case well known to us the rumblings and roarings in the night cause the very dogs to howl, as though they saw beings not visible to human eyes:

Wringing thin hands and white,
Shadows of woe.

Nearly every village has its special characteristic, and this was supplied to Carlton long ago by the alum works. It was brought to an end, as so many things have been, by the invention of a cheaper process. Sir Thomas Chaloner, one of the family who used to reside at Guisborough, is responsible for the industry. During his travels in Italy he had observed that the delicate green of the vegetation there and near Guisborough were almost alike, and, concluding it arose from the presence of the same mineral, he made the necessary examination and founded the works. Quarrying for jet followed, and no doubt some of our readers may remember when jet was a favourite material for the making of ladies' trinkets. A cheap imitation was discovered by means of which the kitchen-maid could ornament herself in a manner that was indistinguishable from that of her mistress, and so the jet ornament lost its popularity.

Of very great interest is Mr. Blakeborough's account of the village at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of

the nineteenth century. The habits of the people are accurately set forth in an old Yorkshire rhyme:

My clothing then it mostly was homespun;
My stockings did my mother's taste display,
Black and white wool she mixed to make them gray.
But then the richest woman in the town
Would go to church in linsey-woolsey gown—
On Yorkshire Wolds we mostly barley eat,
For there they grow but very little wheat;
We lived on barley bread and barley pies
And oats and peas the want of wheat supplies.

The wages of the labourers were very small—from ninepence to eighteenpence a day. The women were accustomed to do a great deal of the work of the fields, and, after the harvest was over, they and the children went out gleaning—"gathering" it is called further North. On St. Thomas' Day the children went "mumping," armed with a pillow-slip or bag, to which each farmer was expected to contribute a handful or two of corn. The labourers were not so badly off, despite the very small amount of money which they obtained. Life was less costly then than now. Yorkshire farmers were in the habit of giving a certain amount of milk as part of the wages, and oatmeal porridge was largely consumed, the oatmeal being also the labourers' perquisite. Then it was the custom of the cottager to fatten a pig or two pigs in the course of the year; and, though the outsider may think that a diet of pickled pork is not very tempting, the living was probably better then than it is now. White bread and tea form no improvement upon the aforesaid porridge and milk, and for dinner there was generally the produce of the garden to fall back upon. With an abundance of potatoes, cabbages and other vegetables, the salt pork became of little consequence except to lend flavour. The value of the pig comes out in a well-known Christmas greeting:

Ah wish ya a merry Kessimass,
An' a happy new year,
A pocket full o' money, an' a cellar full o' beer,
An' a good fat pig that'll last ya all t' year.

The best tribute to the healthiness of the living is to be found on the tombstones and in the church register. The last, unfortunately, was almost destroyed by fire, but from what remains it is evident that many of the villagers reached a very ripe old age. Such entries as the following very frequently occur: "1798: Dec. 22nd, Peter Young, a pauper, aged 88 was buried." The next year Mary Johnson, aged 96, was buried, and John Wood, aged 85. The death of a centenarian is recorded in the year following, and of a man in his eighty-eighth year. The conditions could not have been very hard where the attainment of old age was so common.

One cannot well help wishing that Mr. Blakeborough had let himself go more freely in regard to the folk-lore and history of the village, and missed out some of the more serious chapters relating to the estimable clergyman, the small holdings and other topics that verge closely on politics or philanthropy.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.

The Kiss of Chance, by Roland Dunster. (Nash.)

THIS is a tale of commercial life. Hubert Stiles, whose love-story it is, came of a commercial stock, and his father left him fifty-three thousand pounds. The old-fashioned spendthrift hero used to inherit an ancestral estate and mansion, with whose revenue he played ducks and drakes. Hubert squandered his fortune as freely as any nobleman's son could have done, and comes on the scene when he has only a thousand left, which, at the suggestion of his Delilah, he stakes on the tables at Monte Carlo. "The Kiss of Chance" is the benison she bestows on the bank-notes. It brings no luck. Hubert is broke, Delilah leaves him for another, and the author's work is to show how the love of a pure woman ended in making a man of him. The story is interesting and well told, although the author confines it to what seems to be his own class. No place is found for those whose life is all leisure or all work. The male characters, if we except servants, waiters and the like, all belong to a type of business man who is a peculiar product of the age we live in. Unlike the old fashioned successful merchant, they work for brief periods with great intensity. They find opportunities for golfing and motoring, for Continental travel, even for an occasional flutter at Monte Carlo. But they have an eye to business all the time, and the author's moral, if he has one, is, though the young may break away, they will, if they have the right mettle, return to the paternal ways at last. Hubert in the end develops a splendid business faculty, carries off a ten thousand pound contract, and is described by the man who gave it as "one

of the best salesmen it has ever been my lot to meet." Thus doth he in one ceremony marry prosperity and the maid of his choice.

A Bachelor's Comedy, by J. E. Buckrose. (Mills and Boon.)

MISS J. E. BUCKROSE has an irresistible sense of humour, and she gives it full play in *A Bachelor's Comedy*. The Rev. Andrew Deane is a thoroughly good sort, whom you recognise as such from the very beginning of the story, when he is to be found darkly pondering on the advisability of casting the slough of youth and all mannerisms pertaining to it, on his sudden and unexpected accession to the position of Vicar of Gaythorpe-on-the-Marsh. This accession he fondly attributes to the brilliance of a sermon of his which he recently preached in the London church where until within the last few weeks he has been a curate. An old friend of his Vicar, hearing Deane preach at morning service, has offered the living of Gaythorpe-on-the-Marsh to the young man. Deane settles in this new environment highly elated with the novelty of his position and full of untried theories concerning the simplicity of country-folk. But the fates have in reserve for him a series of healthy shocks, and it is only fair to say that he does not take these lying down. In the course of the story we meet a number of life-like and amusing characters, whose sayings and doings are in keeping with the gay spirit of a lively and unforced fancy which should commend this novel to most readers.

The Land of To-morrow, by William Westrup. (Alston Rivers.)

A READABLE novel. The portion of the story which deals with life in Basutoland is exceedingly interesting. Edward Denbigh-Connington, on coming into a fine inheritance in England, suddenly decides to see something of life. To this end he makes Cape Town his objective. Here he meets with romance, and also suffers disillusionment, through the agency of Barbara Garfield, the daughter of a Colonial who has offered him hospitality. Considerably shaken by this experience, he decides to move on, and eventually finds himself taking over the station of Mohlamos and securing the services of the owner, who has been forced through ill-luck to sell it. Between himself and Dangerfield, the late owner, there springs up a strong friendship, which embraces the best part of the novel. Mr. Westrup is more at home in describing the life of the two men and their dealings with the natives than when engaged in following the love-affairs of his hero and of the two newly-married couples who figure considerably in the story. Denbigh-Connington is a well-realised character, the incidents of his sojourn in search of change are original, his final and unexpected subjugation to the charms of Mabel Clarke altogether satisfactory. Mr. Westrup has a good story to tell, and he tells it with animation and verve.

The Watch Night, by Henry Bett. (Stanley Paul.)

WHILE dealing with the time of John Wesley and the rise of Methodism, this is not altogether a novel of the more serious kind. Though its style is perhaps a little heavy, Dick Vivian's adventures save it from dullness. It is in pursuing his vocation as a preacher, sent North from London by Wesley himself, that the hero becomes unknowingly embroiled in one of the many Jacobite plots that agitated the country at this time. Vivian tells his own story, and does so in a manner that should prove of interest to those who are attracted by the state of religious feeling then in existence in England. He is

kidnapped eventually by the Jacobites, and sent abroad by them, spending some time in Holland, later turning his steps to Bohemia, where he makes acquaintance with the Moravian Brethren, from whom he receives the kindest of receptions. In the meantime, a warrant for his arrest having been taken out in England—upon a wrongful charge—he resigns himself to absence from his own country, and by so doing continues to incur the suspicions of the Jacobite faction abroad. During his stay at Herrnhuth he has the fortune to see something of the troops engaged in the Silesian War, Austrians and Prussians, and these he describes in the quiet and shrewd fashion which characterises the whole narrative. Prosecuting his travels further, he visits Dresden and Berlin, where further complications of his position ensue and his true situation begins to become clear to him. The end need not be given; it is enough to add that this is a well-considered and careful piece of work.

The Common Touch, by Austin Phillips. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

MONICA PRIESTLY is a young woman of independent means and the ambition to become a writer. Unfortunately, at the impressionable age, she has come under the influence of a group of decadents here known as the Disturbers; the influence of these seriously threatens the better qualities of her character at the story's opening. At the critical moment when, for better or worse, she must declare herself on one side or the other, she is advised by a far-seeing relation to throw up her writing for a time, leave London, and try her hand at "some sort of a job." She is at first considerably angered at the suggestion, but decides, upon reflection and a talk with Tom Butler—a Post Office official—to embark upon an adventure of some promise. She becomes a Government servant herself in the humble guise of relief-clerk at the post-office in Rutherford, a little country town. As may be surmised, she goes through some useful discipline here; for as a disciple of the Disturbers her manner of dress, bearing and thought is not acceptable to that portion of provincial society with which her employment brings her into touch. Her staunch efforts to be true to principles which have been but half assimilated, and which are foreign to her true character, inspire the reader with sympathy and liking for the pioneer of a lost cause. In the course of her story, which makes quite pleasant and refreshing reading, Mr. Phillips gets in a series of well-planted blows at the Disturbers, whose unsavoury reputation certainly justifies his heroine's secession. This is a wholesome tale, full of keen observation and told in a straightforward manner.

The Love-Letters of an Actor. (Chapman and Hall.)

LOVE-LETTERS written for more than one pair of eyes do not present themselves, to the average person who has weathered and left behind him his teens, with that irresistible appeal with which unsophisticated youth might be expected to seize upon any attempt to clear up the mysteries of the workings of the hearts of men and women. Still, there is a pleasant atmosphere about these "Love-Letters of an Actor." Though there is nothing strikingly original about them, it is not easy, once they have been begun, to lay them down. This may be owing to the fact that there is a certain naïve simplicity in the character of the writer of them; this simplicity seems to exonerate him from the charge of insincerity, and makes it possible to recommend the volume to those whose taste lies in the direction of epistolary reading of a quiet and not too emotional kind.

[A LIST OF NEW BOOKS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 38*.]

THE GEAN-TREES.

I mind, when I dream at nicht,
Whaur the bonnie Sidlaws stand
Wi' their feet on the darkening land
And their heads i' the licht;
And the thochts o' youth roll back
Like wreaths frae the hillside track
In the Vale of Strathmore;
And the autumn leaves are turning
And the flame o' the gean-trees burning
Round the white house door.

Aye me! when spring cam' green
And May-month decked the shaws
There was scarce a blink o' the wa's
For the flower o' the gean;
But when the hills were blue
Ye could see them glinting through
And the sun i' the lift;
And the flower o' the gean-trees fa'ing
Was like pairls frae the branches snawing
In a lang white drift.

Thae trees are fair and gay
When May-month's in her prime,
But I'm thravn wi' the blasts o' time
And my head's white as they;
But an auld man aye thinks lang
O' the haughs he played amang
In his braw youth-tide,
And there's ane that aye keeps yearning
For a house when the leaves are turning
And the flame o' the gean-tree burning
By the Sidlaws side.

VIOLET JACOB.

THE DESTRUCTION OF YOUNG SALMON.

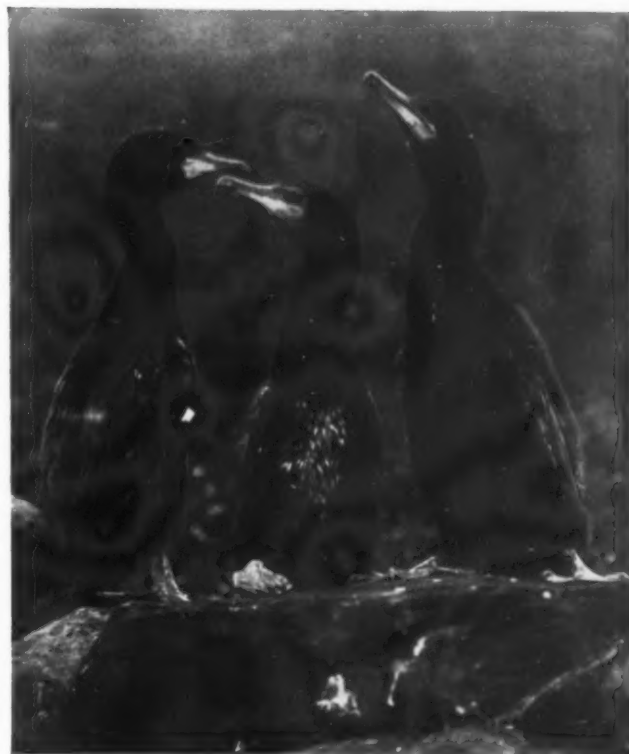
THERE has just been issued by the committee of the Salmon Net-Fishing Association of Scotland a report of very considerable interest to every angler. Some little time ago the association prepared a schedule enumerating the principal birds and fish which had the reputation of being injurious to ova and smolt, and sent this schedule to seventy experienced practical persons along the East and North Coast of Scotland. The birds scheduled were: Dipper (*Cinclus aquaticus*), herring gull (*Larus argentatus*), lesser black-backed gull (*Larus fuscus*), goosander (*Mergus merganser*), heron (*Ardea cinera*), cormorant (*Phalacrocorax carbo*) and tern (*Sterna hirundo*). It will be observed that the black-headed gull (*Larus ridibundus*) did not appear to the association as being of suspicious habits. The fish scheduled were, in fresh water, eels, brown trout, pike, sea trout and salmon kelts; and in salt water, saithe and lythe.

An analysis of the answers given by the various authorities consulted is extremely interesting:

			Destructive.		Inoffensive.
Dipper	12	..	16
Herring gull	20	..	6
Lesser black-backed gull	22	..	5
Goosander	23	..	1
Heron	18	..	7
Cormorant	25	..	5
Tern	8	..	9
Eels	22	..	4
Brown trout	33	..	0
Pike	26	..	0
Sea trout	18	..	9
Kelts (spawned salmon)	9	..	12
Saithe	23	..	2
Lythe	13	..	4

From the above table one gathers that the dipper is more or less "not guilty," a verdict of which we heartily approve, for we have always been of opinion that the water-ousel has often been most unjustly blamed for the destruction of ova and smolts. The case against the tern must be regarded as "not proven," though, in our opinion, the sea swallow is lucky to have got off so easily. The herring and lesser black-backed gulls are found to be serious enemies to fry and smolts. While the latter are migrating seaward in spring, the gulls station themselves in the shallow parts of the rivers and pounce on the young salmon as they pass. Among birds, the most serious enemies to the smolt are the divers. The red-breasted merganser is not mentioned in the schedule; but we take it that, as its habits are similar to those of the goosander, the two birds are mentioned under the latter heading. The cormorant has only five marks in its favour—a fact not to be wondered at when its insatiable appetite for fish of every species is taken into consideration.

Turning now to fish, the evidence against the hungry kelt salmon is very incomplete, although a number of observers had



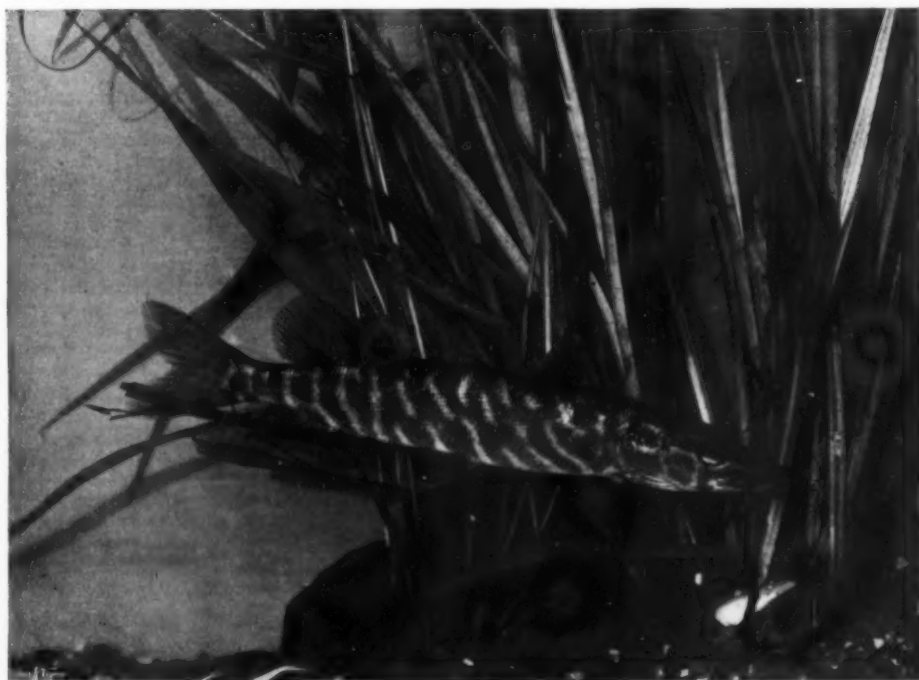
R. Fortune.

GREED INCARNATE.

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very unkind things to say of these lean, silvery fish. The pike is, of course, known to be injurious to almost any small fish; but it is rarely met with in a salmon river in any numbers, though we were informed, only yesterday, by a gillie that thirty pike had already been landed on a certain lower beat of the Aberdeenshire Dee. From the evidence it would seem as though the eel were almost as destructive as the pike; but the former fish is in fresh water only during half the year, spending the winter in salt water. It is a somewhat remarkable feature of the evidence that it is agreed by all the observers that the worst enemy of all to the young salmon is the common brown trout (*Salmo fario*). The following are quotations from the evidence: "I have taken over two hundred eggs from the gullet and stomach of a trout of 1lb. in weight." "I have, on one occasion, opened the stomach of a brown trout, in which I found 40 ova and 6 smolt." "While fishing for fish for spawning purposes during the spawning season, we landed several brown trout full of salmon eggs. On opening one, we found it contained 4 smolt and 56 salmon eggs." The older trout seem to subsist largely upon parr and smolt, which they follow down the river for a considerable distance, while the young fish are on their way to the sea.

It is when dealing with two fishes of the sea—saithe and lythe—that the value of the report is apparent. According to the evidence, the destruction done by these fish is incredible, as witness the following quotations: "On one occasion, in the bag nets at the east side of the mouth of the North Esk, we got over 100 saithe, and all of them were more or less full of smolts. Many of them had over a dozen in the stomach." "At the end of May last, the salmon fishermen there (Speymouth), with two hauls of their sweep net, landed no less than 1,400 coal fish (saithe), even although only a very limited part of the estuary could be reached by a sweep net. Nearly 100 of the coal fish were opened up and the contents of their stomachs examined, when they were found to be gorged with salmon smolts, from 5 to 10 in each." From this remarkable evidence one infers



Dr. F. Ward

THE WOLF OF THE RIVER.

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that, in a limited part of the estuary only, some ten thousand young salmon had been that day devoured by their enemies.

Another witness writes: "I do not think I am wrong in stating that some 50 odd years ago the Aberdeen Harbour Salmon Fishing Commissioners netted the mouth of the Dee for saithe, lythe and cod at the time of the spring migration and caught 40 tons of these fish as they lay in wait for the smolts." It will be seen from the foregoing evidence that the smolt, even after they have escaped the innumerable dangers of the river, have, on their entrance to the sea, to pass shoals of hungry fish waiting their arrival, and that countless thousands are devoured in the course of a single week. We quote two suggestions from witnesses as to the destruction of these sea-fish: "Trawlers should sweep the channels three times a week in March, April and May for saithe, etc." "Sea for three miles on each side of river mouths should be trawled by steam trawler in April and May." Another witness is of opinion that "Netting the estuaries of our rivers for saithe and lythe would do vastly more to preserve the young fish (when they are most valuable and from their change of circumstances most helpless) than by the extermination of all their other enemies, especially of birds."

Concerning destructive birds, the following opinions have been advanced: "Gulls' eggs should be destroyed." "Divers should be shot at sight." "Wild Birds' Protection Act should be repealed."

The committee who issue this report have come to the conclusion that it is impracticable to deal at one time or in any exhaustive

way with the enormous destruction of smolt. All that is practicable is to minimise certain phases of smolt destruction by those birds and fish that are relatively valueless for food or sport.

The committee recommend, therefore, that the association should for the moment leave in abeyance the destruction of ova and parr by fish and birds, and concentrate their efforts upon the minimising of the destruction of smolt, by their three chief classes of enemies. This the committee believe could best be effected by:

- (1) The diminution or partial destruction of herring and lesser black-backed gulls, which prey on the smolt in fords and shallows.
- (2) The diminution or partial destruction of the diving birds, i.e., the cormorant, goosander and merganser.
- (3) The destruction of saithe and lythe, etc., at the entrance to our salmon rivers during the months of May and June.

In order to carry out these projects the committee recommended:

- (1) That a representation be made to the various fishery boards in the North of Scotland as to the necessity for diminishing the close time for the herring and lesser black-backed gulls, the goosander, the merganser and the cormorant. It is suggested that the close time for these birds be from June 1st to August 1st only.

- (2) That a representation should be addressed to each fishery board in the North of Scotland asking them to take steps towards destroying near the estuaries of salmon rivers the saithe, lythe and codlings that accumulate there during April, May and June, by sweep or trawl netting these places.

SETON GORDON.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

[GOLF IN SOLAR ECLIPSE.]

AFTER fifty years of trial I have found the precise conditions of light best suited to my personal golfing vision—a nearly total solar eclipse. It was what Tennyson calls "a wannish light," but seemed wonderfully kindly and favourable to the keeping of the eye on the ball and the ball's true hitting and true flight. The ball also looked as if it were going an enormous distance, which is always flattering. The experience was a very curious one, and so other animals besides men seemed to find it, for the lowing herd began to wind slowly o'er the lea of Ashdown Forest, without waiting for such out-of-date ceremonial as the knelling of the curfew, the birds ceased singing, the hens went up to roost and, as the moon began to be less of a dead stymie to the sun, the cocks from every farmyard round began to proclaim that the day was breaking. A young naturalist in the neighbourhood—I think of the age of five—announced that during the time of the eclipse all the birds in the warren "stopped laying eggs." No doubt his observation was correct.

WESTWARD HO! IN FINE CONDITION.

It is good to find that those pessimists who told us that the Westward Ho! bunkers would still be full of water by the date of the championship will have to eat their words, and to eat them dry. The latest report from a constant player there says that "the course will be A1 for the championship." He also states that, owing to the wet winter, helped by the very big gale and high tide of two months or so ago, a deal of water had accumulated in the bunkers, but that all, except a few of them, are quite dry again even now, and that the course in all respects is in its normal condition at this



DR. P. W. LEATHART.

time of year, and promises to be very good indeed. Evidently, even so, it is not very easy. Mr. Hilton, at the recent medal play there, is said to have been in very fine form, and it was, at all events, so fine that no one else came very near his winning score on either of the two chief days, yet an average of 80 was his return. Probably this coming championship will not favour the weaker brethren. The Westward Ho! course is one just suited, according to my judgment, to the genius of our present amateur champion, so that there is a very great likelihood of his still being champion when the North Devon phase of the annual contest is finished. For even before it was so fully recognised a principle of course construction that arrangements should be made whereby he who played the immediate shot "just so" should have an easy next shot as the equitable reward of his "just-so-ness,"—even before this was a recognised principle, it was an arrangement which kindly Nature had incidentally insisted on at Westward Ho!, where again and again one shot accurately laid down would make the next shot the simpler, by virtue of the previous accuracy. And this precise laying down and placing of his long shots is the very point of all others in which our present amateur champion excels; so it will take a good man, in his best form, to beat him at Westward Ho! in June.

MR. H. C. ELLIS.

I do not know whether one rather notable fact and notable name jumped to the eyes of the reader of the results of the play at Rye for Lord Brassey's Cinque Ports Cup. Captain Hutchison won the cup with two scores of about 80 each, which probably implied very fine play on that very fine but severely testing course in weather which was also fine, but severely testing too, because it was so

windy. Wind at Rye is worse than wind elsewhere, because you have to put many of your second shots high to get over the sandhills. But Captain Hutchison's is not the name that it is most interesting to notice, because we expect to see that name up at top. That which struck me was the name of Mr. Humphrey Ellis returning a score only one stroke on the two rounds behind the winner's. This is not the only sign that Mr. Ellis is coming back to first-class golf—he played in the amateur championship last year, and is constantly over at Dornoch when he is living at his shooting-lodge close by, at Rogart—and if he begins to take to golf seriously again he is sure to make golf rather a serious business for some other people too. He is never to be taken lightly, and he will have to be reckoned with at Westward Ho!—a course which he used to know.

LADY CHAMPIONS.

Mr. Herreshoff will be there. Mr. Maxwell will not. That last absence is most keenly to be regretted, for Mr. Maxwell is in great form. Another absentee from the right place in the fighting rank will be Miss Grant-Suttie, who does not intend to play in the ladies' championship. With Miss Dorothy Campbell still in Canada, this seems to point to a ladies' championship with two very probable champions not in the lists. The ladies had some wonderfully good fights in the newly-instituted English championship at Prince's, Sandwich, although the best-known names were conspicuously absent. Miss M. Gardner, the winner, kept on taking her opponents to the nineteenth and twentieth hole before finishing them off. The final was a very curious match, and had a very curious parallel in an earlier one in the same tournament between Mrs. Rutherford and Miss Martin Smith, wherein the former was dormy six, and lost the last six holes, then, going out again, halved two, and finally won the match on the twenty-first green. In the deciding match of the championship Miss Gardner was dormy five on her opponent, Mrs. Cautley, but lost the last five holes, and eventually won on the twentieth green. Both these matches show great pluck on the part of the poor "dormy-down" ladies, and again a fine power of recovery on the part of those who had been so many "dormy-up" and had lost so large a lead.

H. G. H.

LOST BALLS.

Lost balls seem to have been playing an unusually and unpleasantly large part in golf matches of late. It was only little more than a week ago, in the University match at Prince's, that Mr. Medrington lost his ball in the sandy heart of a bunker. Several spectators saw the ball pitch into the bunker, and as far as anything is certain in human affairs it never came out again. Yet, in spite of the digging and delving of many sets of fingers, the ball never was found, and presumably lies there still. On the top of this tragedy—and it really was tragic, because Mr. Medrington's opponent had played two more at the time—comes the comedy of Mr. Angus Hambro, who in playing for the House of Commons against Ranelagh lost no fewer than three balls in one round. Ranelagh is not a very long course, and it may be that Mr. Hambro's driving was too big for the ground. Three lost balls in one round is, to be sure, very far from constituting a record. That belongs, I believe, to two distinguished Somersetshire cricketers who came to play at Woking a good many years ago, when the

heather encroached more closely on the fairway than it does now, and was of a highly tangled and obdurate nature. The two cricketers purchased between them a box of brand-new balls before beginning the round, but were, nevertheless, unable to complete it. After playing thirteen holes the box was empty, and they had to return to the club-house for a new store of ammunition.

A STORY OF MUD.

Another record in the way of a lost ball I believe myself to have witnessed. It occurred at a course upon the South Coast, which is, as far as my experience goes, by far the muddiest in the world, and I say that in spite of having played both at Oxford and Cambridge. My partner, a player of small skill but much vigour, played a brassie shot, and instead of striking the ball on the face of the club, he struck it, by some mysterious means, upon the sole. The ball made one dive straight down into the oozy clay and vanished before our astonished eyes, no more than half-a-dozen yards away from us, nor could the most diligent prodding and probing either locate or extract it. It simply buried itself alive in the fairway of the course, and the mud closed over its head. The course is still there to witness if I lie, and the fact that it is usually crowded is a standing testimony to the really marvellous enthusiasm of which golfers are capable.

A VANISHED PICTURE.

One from the last instalment of pictures from the Hoylake Scrap-book which we published a fortnight ago was a reproduction of one painted by Major Hopkins, better known as "Major S.," and representing a group of well-known Hoylake golfers in front of the Royal Hotel. One of the central figures in the picture was that of Colonel Kennard, the Field-Marshal of the Blackheath Club and the senior surviving captain of Hoylake. The original of the picture is in the possession of the Royal Liverpool Club, but till quite lately Colonel Kennard possessed what was doubtless an exact replica painted by Major Hopkins. About a year ago, through one of the unluckiest of mischances, this picture was by mistake sent to a sale, and was duly sold. Since then it has vanished, and Colonel Kennard, who much regrets the loss of the picture, has been unable to trace the purchaser. If any golfer knows of the whereabouts of this picture and will give any information about it, he will earn the gratitude of its former owner.

DR. P. W. LEATHART.

Dr. Leathart is a golfer who can play very good golf with very little practice. Being an exceedingly busy and hard-worked person, he has but one short golfing holiday in the year, which he takes in the most strenuous possible form, namely, the amateur championship. What is more, he nearly always contrives to do pretty well and slay one or two very formidable warriors before dying himself. In 1906 at Hoylake he was one of the last eight left in, and only missed a bronze medal by the narrowest possible margin. Few players hit the ball with so palpable an absence of effort, and it is probably this easy and natural style of his that enables him to defy the ravages of an arduous profession. He played for Cambridge in 1896 and the three following years, and so took part in two of the most historic University matches—the tie match in 1896 and the snowstorm match in 1898, the year of his captaincy. Now he plays at Woking, when he does play, which is not nearly so often as his friends would like.

B. D.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.

THE Royal Agricultural Society may be very sincerely congratulated on the excellence of the new volume of their Journal, which has just appeared. Wheat and flour are dealt with in two very weighty papers, respectively by Mr. T. B. Wood, Professor of Agriculture at Cambridge, and Mr. A. E. Humphries, a past president of the National Association of British and Irish Millers. Professor Wood's contribution is deserving of study. He has gone into the question with characteristic thoroughness, and illuminates the various problems connected with the digestibility of bread. For the general reader the most interesting part of the paper is that wherein an account is given of experiments that were conducted at Cambridge, and which were made possible by a grant from the Development Fund. The Cambridge School of Agriculture has been asked to superintend the work of several young men holding research scholarships provided by the Development Fund. Professor Wood has been interested for some time in a special laboratory for the study of the digestibility of home-grown fodder when fed to farm animals, and the idea occurred to him that it would be excellent training for the research scholars to make a complete trial of the digestibility of two kinds of bread, while the equipment of a special laboratory was proceeding. For this purpose two sacks of flour were obtained, one from a roller mill at Weybridge, the other from Sir Oswald Mosley, whose provision for feeding his villagers with stone-ground flour is well known. Professor Wood thus describes the proceedings: "The experiment was undertaken by a team of four research scholars, working under the joint supervision of Dr. F. G. Hopkins and myself. During the first period of the experiment, which lasted for seven days, the diet of each man was about 2lb. bread made from the patents flour, supplemented by 2oz. of filtered butter fat, $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. of sugar, and 1 pint of milk. The men lived on this diet for a week without any great discomfort, and carried out as the experiment proceeded all the weighings of food and excreta, and a considerable number of the analyses. The remainder of the analyses were completed in the succeeding fortnight. The second period also lasted for seven days, when the diet was

as before, except that the bread was that made from the first sample of flour supplied by Sir Oswald Mosley. Again the restricted diet appeared to entail little inconvenience, and the men were able to carry out all the necessary weighings of food and excreta as the experiment proceeded, and to complete all the analyses in about a fortnight. The last two samples of flour presented by Sir Oswald Mosley were tested in a similar manner, except that the period of experiment was in each case reduced to three days." The results are elaborated in a table which we recommend to our readers; but we can now only give the conclusion at which Professor Wood arrived: "The general public, and especially the working classes, prefer the white bread produced from the higher grade flours of the roller mill. Compared with old-fashioned stone ground flour or with the various brands of whole meal or standard flours of to-day, this high grade flour if made from the same wheat would be deficient in protein. But it can only be made satisfactorily from a blend of wheats containing a considerable proportion of strong wheats rich in protein, so that the deficiency in practice is by no means great. It is on the average more than compensated by the greater digestibility of the protein of the higher grade flour, so that the tissues of the body extract as much protein from white bread as from brown. The energy value of white bread also is at least equal to that of brown bread. The relative demand on the part of the public shows clearly that white bread is generally preferred. In the present state of knowledge there seems no definite reason for concluding that the public taste is wrong."

Mr. Humphries follows with an account of the milling of wheat in the United Kingdom. Speaking from knowledge, he is able to tell us that at no time did the consumption of the so-called eighty per cent. standard bread amount to more than seven per cent. of the total, and at present it does not exceed three per cent. of the bread consumed in the United Kingdom. Generally speaking, he casts ridicule on the standard bread movement. One advantage that he claims for white over standard bread is that: "The great whiteness or brightness of the best modern bread is conclusive evidence that the wheat has been properly cleaned, whereas the

consumer of whole meal or 'standard' bread has to accept by faith the direct or implied statement that the wheat from which it has been produced has been properly cleaned. The bread itself

does not furnish conclusive evidence that all the dirt has been removed in wheat cleaning." The paper must be recognised as a vindication of the roller mill.

THE NEW FOREST BUCKHOUNDS IN KENNEL.

NOT often is it possible to see so many big hounds together as are collected in the kennels of the New Forest Buckhounds at Brockenhurst. All of these are carefully chosen for their work, stamina, nose and tongue by the Master, Mr. George Thursby. But while these necessary qualities of the breed are insisted on, make and shape are not forgotten, and for bone, straightness, shoulders and hound character this pack cannot easily be beaten. It was, indeed, after looking over the Buckhounds at one of their fixtures and noting what a working pack they were that I determined to see them on the flags, and by the kindness of the Master I was able to do this last week. Hounds hunting in the Forest have the advantage of a soil to work over which carries for the most part a fair scent, and the foil of the fallow deer is always sweet. On the other hand, hounds need constitutions to stand the work in the water, which here, as on Exmoor, is severe. During this last season so much water has lain on the Forest that I saw about Christmas-time the big hounds racing along for a couple of miles over the plain by Ockwell Pond in a cloud of spray. Then there are the thick undergrowth and the hollies of the Forest, which test their resolution and courage. Perseverance is needed, for the fallow deer can double and squat like a hunted hare when hard pressed. There is also considerable variety of soil and level in the Forest, and in consequence scent varies a good deal during a run of any length. Changing quality of scent is a test of their work. Tongue is greatly valued, and that, too, is a question of stamina and condition, for a tired or blown hound cannot throw his tongue. This pack never lose their music like other hounds. There are twenty-eight couple in kennel, all over twenty-five inches at the shoulder, and most of them coming up to the highest standards of foxhound symmetry and beauty.

The first drawn for me was Denmark, by Atherstone Villager out of South Cheshire Dimity, a fourth-season hound. If the fourth-season hounds are the backbone of a pack, such an animal helps us to understand why this should be: A foxhound all over, with a perfect shoulder, great bone and that character and look of masculine vigour one likes to see in a big dog hound. Just a suggestion of neckcloth indicates the possession of a tongue which never fails, and to which the rest fly. For Denmark is a worker from the first to the finish—steady, fine-nosed and untiring. Now let us look at his breeding. He is by Atherstone Villager, and thus goes back to Belvoir Rusticus, one of the best sons of Donovan, the hound who, through his ancestor, Milton Rhymer, brought into the Belvoir kennel that Fitzwilliam resolution, hardihood and courage which have helped to make the Belvoir what it is. The late Frank Gillard never made a greater hit in hound-breeding than in the introduction

of the line of which Donovan and Rusticus are noted scions. Readers who have seen the account of the South Dorset Hounds in COUNTRY LIFE will have noted the value of this strain to that pack. Denmark, indeed, of whom we are writing, is just that combination of descent from Milton strength and Belvoir quality (Denmark's dam, South Cheshire Dimity, was a daughter of Belvoir Dexter) which we found to be one reason of Mr. Radclyffe's successes in Dorsetshire. The next hound drawn was Discord, who has a great character from Mr. Thursby (who hunts his own hounds) for nose and tongue and for his work in the water. The lightness and smoothness of the action of this big hound are most notable. He is as active as some of Mr. Fuller's little bitches. This, too, is a fourth-season hound. He is by Bicester Deemster, by Belvoir Dasher, a son of Dexter, who displayed just the same perfect ease of action. A somewhat plainer hound is Whiffler; but as the eye lingers over him it notes the excellent placing of the shoulders, and we learn also that he has a character, though that, perhaps,

goes without saying, for no shirkers are allowed to remain in the kennels at Brockenhurst. Several other hounds passed before us, each of them notable, until Fencer, by Milton Plato out of Percy Fickle, came on the flags. Such bone and substance, combined with quality and activity, I have seldom seen. I asked the kennel huntsman to measure his bone, and seven and a-half inches was the verdict. This is but a young hound in his first season, but he has already made his mark, as have Blunder and Bowman, two brothers who came from Mr. Fuller's V.W.H. (Cricklade) pack with the character of being bred to hunt and drive. The sire—Viscount—of these two promising young hounds was bred by Mr. Butt Miller, and is of Belvoir descent, so that here once more Belvoir blood triumphs in the chase of the fallow buck, as I have already shown that it does in hunting the red deer or the hare and the otter. There were several others that no one could help looking over, notably the young hounds Saladin and Sampson, bred at Cattistock, by Milton Saladin out of Cattistock Armlet, and here through the

dam we have a strain of that grand stag-hunting foxhound blood which comes through Lord Rothschild's Herald. A great worker is Sailor, by Lord Rothschild's Stroller, the famous hound that hunted stag and fox equally well. But I could not leave the kennel without seeing Duster, and accordingly he was drawn for me. A big, bold, powerful hound, dark coloured and with a square, determined-looking head, he had caught my eye in the field. When the buck had baffled us, Duster was working hard for the foil, and, after an ominous silence, a rich full note came ringing up from the depths of the deeply-wooded enclosures. It was Duster speaking, to tell us he had hit off the line of his deer. It was his half-triumphant, half-angry voice that spoke out when the quarry stood to bay for a time. Well, when I had



W. A. Rouch.

SALADIN.

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W. A. Rouch.

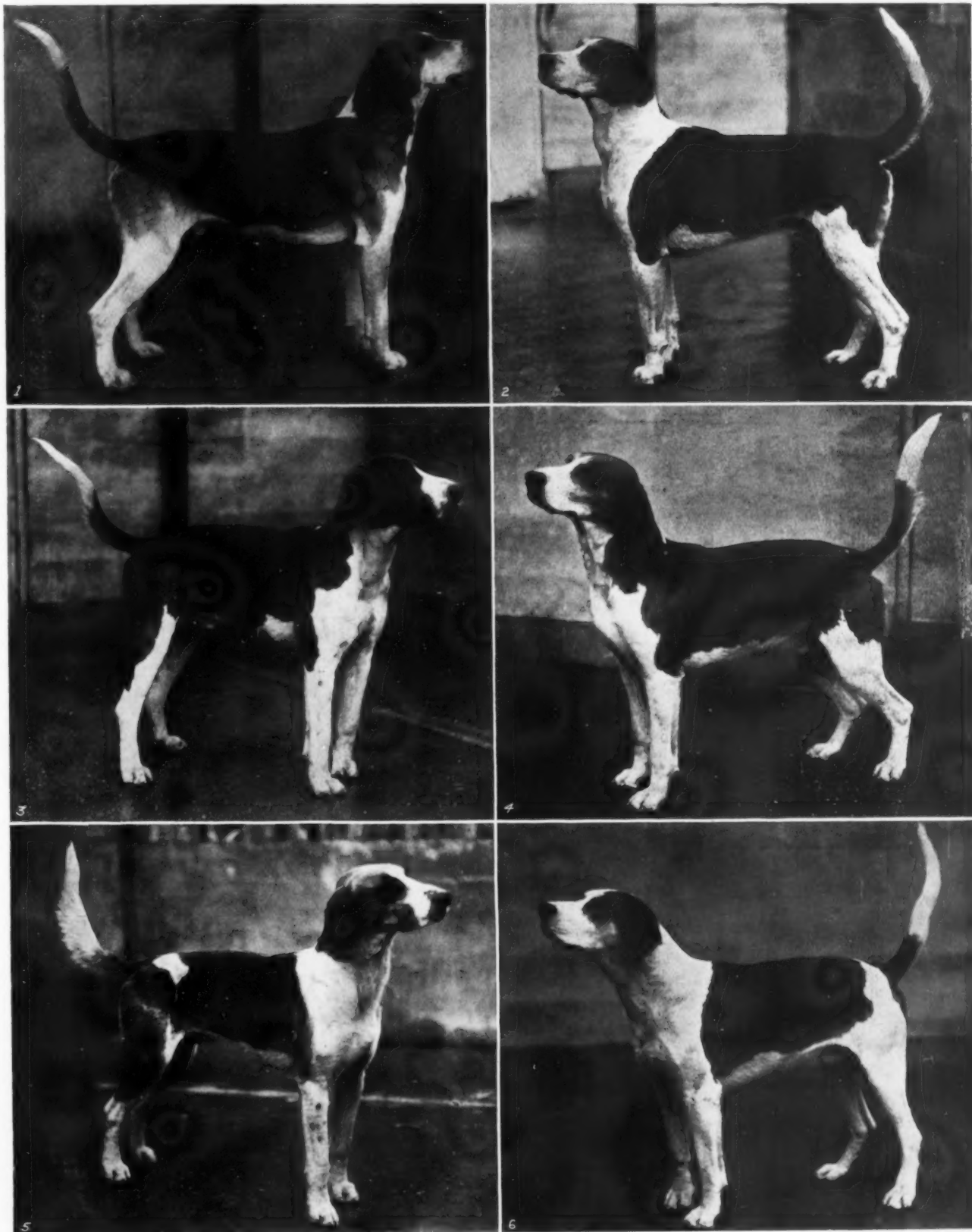
BLUNDER.

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seen him I turned to his pedigree and found that, as usual, the great hound-breeders and their chosen lines came right once more. Duster is by Warwickshire Trojan and descended from Talisman, not one of the least noteworthy of the late Lord Willoughby de Broke's hound-breeding successes, and Talisman was, they tell us, just such another hound on a fox, persevering,

and that Wateridge, the kennel huntsman, having good hounds under his care, knows how to make them fit to do their best.

It is hard to keep from the reflection that, whatever we try, we always come back to the foxhound for any description of hunting. In the New Forest they have had harriers to hunt the buck, and bloodhounds, which, good as they are for single tracking,



1. CHAMPION NEW FOREST. 2. FENCER. 3. PAINTER. 4. FIREMAN. 5. SAMPSON. 6. BOWMAN.

resolute and truthful, as his descendant Duster is to-day in the New Forest on the fallow buck. Good hounds mean good sport, and thus the Buckhounds have never had a better season; but as my eye runs over the pack, I can see the full muscle, the hard condition, which, even after a long, dragging wet season, these hounds show, and I understand that the kennel system is sound

failed here, as elsewhere, to run as a pack, when Lord Wolverton brought the Rangton bloodhounds from Dorsetshire to try the New Forest hunting. Whatever we want a hound for, the foxhound is always, after all, the best. I know no grander sight than these big dog hounds sweeping over the wide, open plains of the Forest.

X.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE AND THE FARMER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Why is it that the Board of Agriculture, whatever Government is in power, receives only the lukewarm support of the practical farmer? Is it the fault of this Government Department, or of the class whose business it should assist, that they do not pull together to "speed the plough"? The stamping out of rabies and the prohibition of the importation of live cattle into Great Britain, except for slaughter, stand out as examples of the good work for which agriculturists have to thank their Board. With these exceptions one rarely meets a business farmer who has a word to say in favour of its policy. Farmers complain, in connection with many of the regulations for stamping out diseases of animals, that they suffer through red tape, delay and orders that are unnecessarily irritating and detrimental to their business. More especially do they grumble at the failure and cost of the attempts to eradicate swine fever; at the prosecution of dairymen when their cows fail to yield milk up to the standard drawn up by the Board of Agriculture, a standard which all breeds of cows, in every district and during all seasons of the year, must comply with. Dissatisfaction is also felt because such questions as contagious abortion in cattle, the marking of foreign meat, etc., are not dealt with. I am well aware that tenant farmers are considered to be inveterate grumblers; but it is not only from this class of agriculturist that one hears adverse criticism of the Board of Agriculture. This discontent—probably some of it may be unwarranted—exists, whatever Minister is at the head of affairs. Is there just cause or not for the greater part of the grumbling and dissatisfaction? Is it possible for the Board, with the amount of money at its disposal, to undertake work that will be of more practical use to agriculture, or to carry on what it undertakes at present with less friction and with better results? One thing is certain; if this Department, which does not comprise a single practical farmer, were to consult more with men whose bread-and-cheese depends on agriculture, instead of taking the advice of theorists and amateurs, it would be more likely to work in sympathy with the farming community. No matter whether farmers as a whole are or are not slow to move and unbusinesslike, there are to be found among the large tenant farmers many men who are well educated, level-headed and excellent men of business. Such men very often are not orators; their voices are not heard at Chambers of Agriculture if they attend; but they are well known to the bank manager as successful men of business, and are recognised in their county by their fellows as safe persons to follow. Supposing the Board of Agriculture thought fit to appoint an advisory body, composed principally of financially successful tenant farmers, not merely to correspond with, but which it would meet from time to time to consult with, I venture to think that such a body would not only make valuable suggestions, but it would be a means of popularising and strengthening any action taken by the Board. If by any chance this letter, which is not written with any political motive, should draw attention to the desirability of the Board of Agriculture and the farmer working together for the good of one of Great Britain's most important industries, then, Sir, my object in addressing this letter to you will be attained.—W.

THE EARLY SPRING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following notes may be of interest to your readers as illustrating the remarkable earliness of the spring:

January 6th.—Snowdrop. (Here there is a tradition that early snowdrops are followed by an early harvest.)
 January 23rd.—Yellow crocus.
 February 3rd.—Spring snowflake (*Leucojum vernum*).
 February 17th.—*Scilla sibirica*.
 February 18th.—Wild violet, blue and white (*Viola odorata*).
 February 22nd.—Marsh marigold.
 February 28th.—Daffodil (*Narcissus pseudo-Narcissus*).
 March 1st.—Sallow (palm).
 March 21st.—Blackthorn.
 April 5th.—Cuckoo-flower (*Cardamine pratensis*).
 April 8th.—Wild hyacinth.
 April 19th.—*Veronica Chamadrys*.
 April 21st.—Hawthorn in blossom. (In 1894 this flowered on April 19th; in 1900 on May 20th.)

I heard the cuckoo for the first time on April 19th frequently during the morning, and the nightingale on April 21st, five singing at once, and a peacock butterfly was sunning itself on a wild cherry in full blossom not ten feet away. I saw the first house-martin on the 20th. The corresponding dates last year were April 21st, house-martin; April 23rd, nightingale; April 25th, cuckoo. Yesterday,

April 21st, I saw the first orange-tipped butterfly; in 1911 it appeared on April 24th. I should say that here the average was the first week in May. Holly blues, large tortoiseshells and peacocks are very common this year, and if one may judge by the number of queen wasps seen now, there will be a greater plague than last year. Wild cherry is almost over now, and the crab-apples are a picture.—T. H. DIPNAIL, Hadleigh, Suffolk.

A PLEA FOR PRESERVATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your readers will regret that the fine old almshouses and free school at Corsham, founded in 1668 by Lady Margaret Hungerford, and illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* of January 26th, 1907, are threatened to be sold into private hands. A more unspoilt relic of a bygone age it is impossible to find. From year to year since the charity began have the revenues been distributed, the old folk instituted and, after a few short years of peace, made room for others, the children brought up and passed on to take their place in the world. Even to-day, save for the education of the children, which is met by a grant to the education authority, all is continued as it has done for two hundred and fifty years, a monument of a good woman's benevolence. It is noteworthy that of the great buildings possessed by that great family, including even Farleigh Castle itself, not one remains save only these almshouses at Corsham, which, had they been private property, would have vanished with the rest. The charity is now governed by the Earl of Radnor of the time being, two trustees by him appointed and two appointed by the Parish Council of Corsham. The majority of the trustees are now applying to the Charity Commissioners to sell the property

on the plea that the buildings are in such a condition that they cannot be kept in order with the funds at the disposal of the charity. The inhabitants of Corsham have done their best to express disapproval of the suggestion by holding public meetings to protest against the sale, at the last of which, on February 10th, a small committee was appointed to consider what steps should be taken to prevent the sale. This committee has now sent a number of documents to the Commissioners stating the case, and it is hoped their efforts will meet with success. It were more than a pity that such a charity should be dispersed, and that these delightful buildings cease for ever to be a home for deserving poor. A private owner, however sympathetic he may be, and if he undertakes to maintain the buildings unspoilt, cannot answer for his successors. Sooner or later damage will certainly occur to an ancient building of this sort, therefore let it continue as the pious founder intended, as there is still an endowment to keep it going, and still occupants to fill its houses; let it continue a living history of a living race and not become a veritable shell without its unbroken story and its unbroken line of inmates.—HAROLD BRAKSPEAR.

[We have much pleasure in showing a view of the Corsham Almshouses, one of the most interesting buildings in the county. It would be the greatest pity if these almshouses are ever sold for any other purpose.—ED.]



THE ENTRANCE GATE, CORSHAM ALMSHOUSES.

A DUCK-SHOOTING RECORD.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—During the past few years half-bred wildfowl and birds reared from the eggs of wild ducks, gathered in various places so far North as the Orkney Islands, the Shetlands, the Outer Hebrides and Scandinavia, have found increasing favour with English game-preservers, and nowadays it is getting to be the exception to find returns which do not include a considerable number of wildfowl in the bags recorded. On some estates the cultivation of the wild duck is carried out to an enormous extent, and only a week or so ago we heard of a bag somewhere approaching four thousand birds, which were alleged to have been shot by a party of guns in one day in Ireland. This was thought at the time to be the record, but we now find that it is merely a record, and that the definite article has to give place to the indefinite one.—N. E.

NESTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

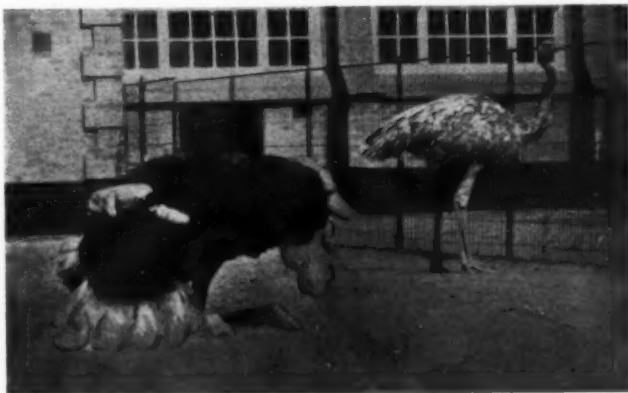
SIR,—One or two months ago a nesting-box was nailed to an elm tree in the garden. In shape it is like a short log of wood, but hollow, with a small hole made in the side. Any branch above or below that would have borne a cat was cut away. The whole faced a balsam poplar, and underneath was a mezerium covered with purple flowers. The balsam was not in full leaf, as the clusters of leaves still retained their mitre-like shape. The little room was soon ready for any small tenants whose proclivities leant towards such quarters. The box was put up for a pair of oxeyes or larger tits that had frequently nested in the garden wall. Evidently they liked the wall better, for they ignored the whole arrangement. About a week ago I noticed a pair of blue tits flying about the balsam, running up and down the branches and peeping towards the nesting-box. The cock seemed more decided about its suitability than the hen, and

frequently perched on a branch and sent forth its call-note. It often darted into the hole and began to break off little pieces around the orifice, evidently thinking the hen could not get in. On April 2nd I saw him go into the hole with a long piece of grass, so I think his mate has got over her scruples. Two other birds interest me, two sparrows, a cock which I call Jock, and a hen, Jenny. For the last two years I have noticed them. Jock seemed last year to have developed a truculent spirit, and fought any other cock that came near him. His nest was just above one of the drop pipes. He was unwearied in carrying food to the nest, breaking it up before carrying it up; but his partner never appeared. Sometimes I noticed him carrying bread, not to the nest, but to the run under the slates. Woe-betide any cock that tried at that moment to come near him! With a dash he sent him flying. I often wondered at this until Jock arrived with his family and a poor hen, whose leg was torn off but had now healed. Jock had his work chalked out for him, for he had to feed his wife as well as look after his family. When Jock had finished with his nest I examined it. It was clumsy, without much shape; pieces of coloured silk, small pieces of paper, hair and grass comprised it, and last, but not least, a tram-ticket to Portobello! Whether Jock contemplated taking his family down to the Forth I know not.—C. H. M. JOHNSTONE.

THE DISPLAY OF THE OSTRICH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In view of the courtship season of birds, now at hand, the accompanying photograph of the display of the cock ostrich, taken at the Zoological Gardens, may prove of interest. Although the "booming" of the male bird during the pairing season is doubtless familiar to most of your readers, yet I venture to think that few have been fortunate enough to witness the "full display," for during very many years of almost daily visits to the Gardens, I have only on two occasions been witness of the interesting and grotesque performance. The "booming," or "roaring," which is accompanied by a distension or blowing-out of the neck, is invariably a preliminary to the display proper, after which the bird settles down upon its hocks, facing the hen. The wings are spread out to their full extent, and alternately raised high into the air, with a gentle rocking of the body. This is accompanied by a remarkable twisting and writhing of the bird's neck, the same being sometimes thrown completely behind and upon the back. These actions, as witnessed by myself, have lasted as long as ten minutes



THE LOVE-SICK OSTRICH.

without ceasing. The photograph will probably serve to give a better idea of the display than a verbal description. It must be mentioned that the end of the display is fully in keeping with the grotesque nature of the rest, for the bird suddenly stands up, rushes towards the hen with distended neck and wings thrown forward, and stamps violently and quickly upon the ground with its powerful feet. The hen bird appeared to be absolutely indifferent to the laborious and long-enduring efforts of the male to please his spouse.—W. S. BERRIDGE, F.Z.S.

AN UNUSUAL CLUTCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I herewith enclose a photograph of the nest of a lapwing containing five eggs, a most unusual number (four being the usual average clutch). The



AN ARMY OF OXEN.



A LAPWING'S NEST.

farmer who showed me the nest informed me that he had found hundreds of nests during the last thirty years, but this was the first time he had found one with a clutch of five eggs.—STANLEY CROOK.

THE DOUBLE EGG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you the enclosed photograph, which I think would be of interest to your readers. It is a photograph of a hen's egg, which was laid in our henhouse a few days ago. The egg as a whole weighed exactly six and a-half ounces. On breaking the outer shell it was discovered to have another egg inside it, apparently quite perfect and of an ordinary size, being two ounces in weight. The saucer in the photograph is a large-sized one, which, I think, shows the enormous size of the egg and at the same time the amount of white of egg as well as the yolk which came out of the large shell. The smaller egg is going to be set in the hope of getting a chicken from it.—L'OSTE NORRIS-ELYE.



AN EGG WITHIN AN EGG.

A SQUASH-RACQUET COURT

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Can any of your readers give me particulars about erecting a squash-racquet court? What size is preferable for a private court, and of what material should it be made? I understand that there are three different kinds: (1) The walls and floor entirely cement; (2) the walls and floor entirely wood; (3) the front wall cement and the rest wood. I should be grateful for any information as to which of these is the best, and for any general advice about erecting a court.—M. B.

[We think that our correspondent would find cement more satisfactory than wood, because the ball comes off more evenly. Off wood it is rather apt to bound untruly if it catches any unevenness at the junction of the boards. As to the size, there is a good deal of latitude to be allowed in these courts, and some of the most amusing that we have seen have been those in which some incidental object, say a water-pipe, occurs by way of buttress or hazard. This, of course, only happens when, as often, an existing wall has been turned to account. A total area of anything up to twenty feet by thirty-two feet is a good average size. We should advise our correspondent to write to Dr. Burnley of the Brighton Technical Institute, where, we understand, three squash courts were put up last year at the very moderate cost of fifty-five pounds, and we should suggest a special enquiry whether any particular provision was made to prevent the effect of frost on the cement, and whether it has withstood the frost satisfactorily. It is true that the past winter has not put it to any severe test in this respect. At the Brighton Technical Institute there were two walls already to start from, so the fifty-five pounds is not to be looked on as an inclusive figure of cost for the present three courts.—Ed.]

OLD-FASHIONED TRANSPORT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have occasionally noticed in COUNTRY LIFE illustrations of oxen ploughing, mostly Sussex cattle. The enclosed picture may interest you, as it shows how an old mill was transported from Regency Square, Brighton, to Preston, a distance of two miles, on March 29th, 1797, by eighty-six Sussex oxen. It gives a good idea what a number of oxen must have been in use in those days for farming purposes.—F. H.

THE BLACK-HEADED GULL.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Miss C. Percival Wiseman's explanation of the colour change of the cap of the black-headed gull is, unfortunately, not in accordance with the facts. May I refer her to Vol. III., pages 105 to 111, of "British Birds," where careful observations by Dr. P. H. Bahr show that the change in question is due entirely to moult, and that no change takes place in the colour of the feathers?—F. C. R. JOURDAIN.

CLIMBING DOGS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I think the enclosed photograph of my bulldog may be sufficiently interesting for insertion in COUNTRY LIFE. He is now just over six years old, and appears to get real enjoyment out of going up ladders. As you see from the enclosed photograph, he negotiates round rungs, which one would not have expected to afford him sufficient foothold. I have never taught him to go up ladders; he appears to have taken to it quite naturally.—RONALD C. BAYNES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph depicts a ladder-climbing dog. This dog, a rough terrier, belongs to Mr. W. Loosemore, builder and contractor, of Tiverton, North Devon, and follows its master up the ladder when he is making his inspection. The photograph was taken soon after he started to climb.—H. E. HATT.

[It is a curious coincidence that two letters about two different ladder-climbing dogs from two distant parts of the country should have arrived by the same post.—ED.]

BLACK-NECKED SWANS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—An interesting event at the Zoological Gardens is the hatching of two cygnets of the black-necked swan, a rare and very ornamental species, hailing from the extreme south of South America. In this fine swan the body plumage



WELL UP.

is pure white, the head and neck jet black, relieved by a white streak passing through the eye to the back of the head, the bill slaty blue, surmounted by a large fleshy knob, which is bright crimson. The male becomes very savage as the nesting season approaches, rushing with open mouth across the water at anybody who approaches the pond, although, strangely enough, he takes no notice of the ducks which share the water with him. The nesting site selected this year was beneath a clump of brushwood on one of the islands, the nest being composed of dead rushes, built up into a heap more than a foot high. Four large whitish eggs were laid, upon which the hen bird sat steadily for six weeks, only coming off at intervals for



A CLIMBING ENTHUSIAST.

and, pushing their beaks and heads beneath the wing, climb up at the base of the tail and crawl into the warm recess beneath the wing. Sometimes both cygnets crouch together under the same wing, and when this is the case their presence can only be detected by the one wing being raised slightly higher than the other.—D. SETH-SMITH.

A JUMPING DOG.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—You may, perhaps, think this instantaneous photograph worthy of publication. It shows a setter in the act of jumping wire-netting.—A. BROOK.

THE HUNTER HUNTED.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—While fishing the Barle River last week I saw a sight which I think must be a rare one, because, up to the present, I have not discovered anyone who has either seen or heard of it, although doubtless it is well known among naturalists. While wading a portion of the river, which has one bank very sheer and wooded, I saw a stoat galloping along the bank between the trees. About fifty yards further down my attention was attracted by a noise above me, and on looking up I saw the stoat among some rocks. At the same time I also saw a rabbit move close by. Naturally I thought that the stoat was on the hunt, which doubtless he had been, but when I had arrived on the scene the tables had been turned. The rabbit chased that stoat down from the rocks to the river bank. After about two minutes, not content with this, she gave chase up stream for forty or fifty yards, catching the stoat up. The latter, doubling by jumping the rabbit's back, came "full cry" past me, when the doubling trick was repeated again, and both went off up stream out of sight. Naturally I concluded that the rabbit was a doe with young among the rocks, which caused this change in the usual order of things. Should this or any part of it be of interest, I shall be pleased if you would publish the same.—T. C. CLAYTON, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.



JUMPING.



BLACK-NECKED SWANS WITH YOUNG